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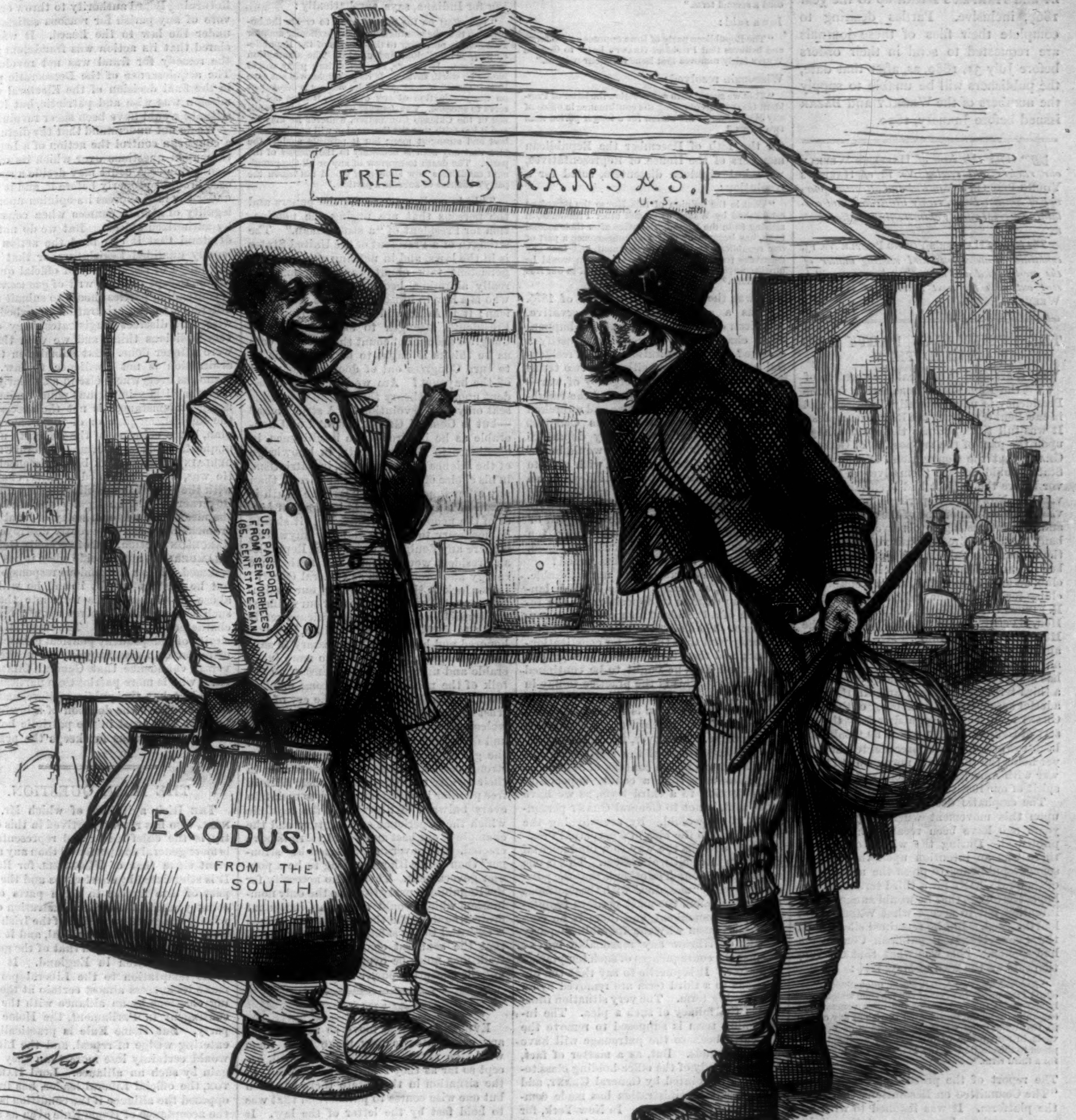


(FREE SOIL) KANSAS.
U.S.
U.S. PASSPORT. FROM SEN. VOORHEES. (85. CENT STATESMAN
EXODUS. FROM THE SOUTH
Th. Nast

ANOTHER INVESTIGATION COMMITTEE.

SELF-APPOINTED GENT. "An' what right have you, sure, to be afther laving your native place an' coming here? Spake!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 31, 1880.

NOTICE.

EARLY VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY AND HARPER'S BAZAR.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers beg leave to state that, six months from date, they will destroy the plates and all copies on hand of Harper's Weekly and Harper's Bazar up to the year 1869, inclusive. Parties desiring to complete their files of these journals are requested to send in their orders before July 31, 1880, as, after that date, the publishers will be unable to supply the numbers of the Weekly and Bazar issued before January, 1870.

☞ *With this issue of* Harper's Weekly *our readers will receive No.* 12 *of* Harper's Young People, *a beautiful and attractive journal of Sixteen Pages, richly illustrated, and containing a great variety of interesting reading matter.*

The issue of Harper's Young People *No.* 13, *containing illustrations and reading matter of the most varied and attractive character, will be sent out with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND A THIRD TERM.

We are glad to see that the question of the Republican nomination for the Presidency is now generally discussed, and in excellent temper, by the Republican press. It was full time, because there was a hope upon the part of the supporters of General Grant that the Conventions of the great States would declare themselves in his favor before the subject had been fairly canvassed. New York is, perhaps, in this canvass the most important of the great States, and it is interesting to observe that in Albany there are already positive demonstrations upon the subject. Three clubs have been recently formed in that city—a Grant club, an anti-Grant club, and a Republican club—for 1880. Of the first, the Hon. Henry R. Pierson is president; of the second, the Hon. Matthew Hale; and of the third, the Hon. Hamilton Harris. Mr. Pierson, in an interview, has announced his position as an "out-and-out" Grant man; Mr. Harris has stated that he is unalterably opposed to a third term for any man; and Mr. Hale, in a letter accepting the presidency of the anti-Grant club, while recognizing fully the desert of General Grant, which he thinks has been rewarded with unprecedented honors, yet holds the third-term movement to be at war with American traditions and with the spirit of our institutions.

The emphatic declarations of the party upon this movement when proposed five years ago have been recalled and widely published. During the winter of 1874–75 there was an intention upon the part of some Republicans to press the nomination of General Grant for a third term. It was hoped, however, that he would announce his intention not to accept what Washington had declined. But he remained silent until the Pennsylvania Republican Convention had spoken. This was what that Convention said on the 26th of May, 1875:

> "*Resolved*, That we declare a firm, unqualified adherence to the unwritten law of the republic which wisely and under the sanction of the most venerable of examples limits the Presidential service of any citizen to two terms; and we, the Republicans of Pennsylvania, in recognition of this law, are unalterably opposed to the election to the Presidency of any person for a third term."

The report of the proceedings states that "The Committee on Resolutions then read the platform. It was listened to with apparent apathy. There was not the slightest manifestation of enthusiasm until the portion referring to the third term was reached, when a storm of enthusiastic applause broke out. For some moments it did not subside, and then there were cries of 'Read that again!' the second reading being as loudly cheered as the first. The resolutions were unanimously adopted." On the 29th of May General Grant wrote a letter to the president of the Convention, in which he said, "I would not accept a nomination if it were tendered, unless it should come under such circumstances as to make it an imperative duty—circumstances not likely to arise." On the 2d of June the Ohio Convention which nominated Mr. Hayes for Governor declared:

> "The observance of Washington's example, in retiring at the close of a second Presidential term, will be in the future, as it has been in the past, regarded as a fundamental rule in the unwritten law of the republic."

On the 9th of September the New York Convention said:

> "Recognizing as conclusive the President's public declaration that he is not a candidate for renomination, and with the sincerest gratitude for his patriotic services, we declare our unalterable opposition to the election of any President for a third term."

Thus spoke the three great central decisive States. Meanwhile Massachusetts, Iowa, and Wisconsin had also spoken. Massachusetts said:

> "That sound reason, as well as the wise and unbroken usage of the republic, illustrated by the example of Washington, requires that the term of the Chief Magistrate of the United States should not exceed a second term."

Iowa said:

> "The Republican party of Iowa opposes a third term, and believes that President Grant's letter to General White fairly removes that issue from our politics."

Wisconsin resolved:

> "That we accept with approbation the letter of President Grant, discouraging the continuance in office of any Magistrate of the nation for a longer period than two terms."

On the 18th of December the Republican members of the House of Representatives, with but eighteen dissenters, voted for a resolution:

> "That in the opinion of this House the precedent established by Washington and other Presidents, in retiring from the Presidential office after their second term, has become by universal concurrence a part of our republican system of government, and that any departure from this time-honored custom would be unwise, unpatriotic, and fraught with peril to our free institutions."

This was the Republican doctrine of 1875. It was a sound, patriotic, conservative, American doctrine. Has anything happened to change that opinion, or to justify a change? Is the limitation of the Presidential service of any one citizen to two terms—except in a possible emergency of war—any less "the unwritten law of the republic?" Is it not still "the wise and unbroken usage of the republic?" Was Congress wrong in resolving that "any departure from this time-honored custom would be unwise, unpatriotic, and fraught with peril to our free institutions?" And if Republican Pennsylvania and New York and Ohio and Massachusetts and Iowa and Wisconsin were "unalterably opposed" to the disregard of "the fundamental rule in the unwritten law," has their opinion seriously changed, and if not, can it be wisely contemned?

All these declarations are unmistakable. They mean, as clearly as the English language can express it, opposition to the reelection of a President for more than a second term. The Conventions, of course, knew perfectly well that there is no constitutional bar; and that, theoretically, if an officer has served well, he ought to be continued indefinitely. This is the practice to-day in certain Swiss cantons. But in those primitive communities there is no elaborate and artificial political machinery, and no system of patronage. Moreover, the limitation of the population and of the territory makes the magistrate in the cantons of Schwyz or Uri little more than a county supervisor. The objection to a third term, as we have often said, is not to General Grant personally. It is twofold. By accustoming the public mind to the idea of a perpetual Presidency it smooths the way to a fundamental change in our political system. This is one radical objection. The other is that the power of the party "machine," with the enormous patronage, offers the most perilous temptation to an incumbent, and there is no conceivable reason why the Republican party should overthrow any reasonable barrier against the consequences of such temptation hereafter. It is puerile to say that the objections to a third term are removed by an intervening term. The very situation illustrates the fallacy of such a plea. The intervening term is supposed to remove the difficulty because the patronage will have changed hands. But, as a matter of fact, the great body of the office-holding class today was appointed by General Grant, and the present Administration has made comparatively few changes. In New York, for instance, the Grant movement is managed by those who held office under the late President, and who regard the Hayes Administration as an impertinence. These gentlemen, with the aid of Senator Conkling, resisted the wish of the Administration to make a change, and all the circumstances show how easily a powerful organization based upon State and national patronage, and supported by "the courtesy of the Senate," may make the intervening term of no account whatever as an interference with political plans and ambitions. Moreover, if the Republican party should declare for a third term under existing circumstances, does any man who doubts the expediency of such action suppose there would be any sticking hereafter at an "intervening" term?

General Grant declared that he would not accept a nomination unless tendered under such circumstances as to make acceptance an imperative duty. But he added that such circumstances are not likely to arise. Will any sensible American say that they have arisen now, and that the situation of the country is so perilous that a citizen, not now in any office whatever, must be called upon to save the country? The Troy *Times* is guilty of this incredible folly. It reproves the Utica *Herald*, which opposes the nomination of General Grant for a third term, and speaks of "*its antagonism to this great measure of safety for the American people.*" A more un-American sentiment was never uttered by an American journal. The Indianapolis *Journal*, a paper quite as stalwart as the Troy *Times*, speaking for Indiana, says, emphatically:

> "The effort on the part of some to create the impression that the nomination of any particular man for President is necessary to the success of the Republican party is injudicious and unwise. The assumption is not true. If it were, the Republican party would hardly be worth saving. If its principles will not save it, it is time it should go. If its success is dependent on the nomination of any one man, it does not deserve to succeed. The *Journal* will support the nominee of the Chicago Convention, whoever he may be, and it has faith that the Convention will nominate the best and strongest man; but it protests against the idea that any man is necessary to the success of the party. The death to-morrow of any or all the prominent candidates now spoken of would not lessen the party's chances of success a particle."

This is cooling sense for the papers and the persons that are urging the nomination for President of "a strong man." The strength of a President of the United States is in the laws, and in nothing else, and this persistent talk about "a strong man" is really alarming, because it means a man who is a law to himself. That is not American; it is Asian and Mexican. How is a President's strength to show itself? If Congress should not count the electoral vote as he thinks it ought to be counted, is he to turn Congress out of doors at the point of the bayonet? Are we to elect a President upon the theory that he can obtain his seat only by a revolution? "A strong man"—but is General Grant, honored and honorable as he is, stronger in intelligence, in obedience to law, in ability, in knowledge of the science of government, in patriotism, in his choice of counsellors and friends, than any other Republican? "But the South is afraid of him." Is it? Is it afraid of *him*, or of the people and the law? If it should be necessary to enforce the law anywhere, is there any doubt that any other Republican President would enforce it with the same energy and promptness as General Grant? Do we look to the people and to our institutions or to the will of one man for our welfare? Are sensible and patriotic Americans really ready to declare that any citizen, however honored and honorable, is necessary to save this government? There is no more intolerable and unrepublican nonsense than the talk of the necessity of "a strong man" in the President's chair. It is the cry of distrust of American institutions. It is a cry welcome to those who despise a republic and disbelieve in it. What we need is not the government of a strong man, but of a strong people, that is, of a people strong in their loyalty to law, strong in their faith in free popular institutions, strong to maintain every bulwark of liberty and the republic which the experience of a century and the example of our best and wisest patriots have erected. Our government can not be "stronger" than it is without ceasing to be a popular government. There is no necessity for the Republican party to make the only nomination which would arouse an indignant protest against the theory that any citizen is essential to the safety of the country, and that the soundest conservative rules and traditions must be overthrown in order to put the executive power into his hands.

MAINE.

Events in Maine move so rapidly that any comments we may make upon them would be antiquated when published, except so far as they relate to principles. In the situation in that State there has been but one wise course to pursue, and that was to hold fast by the letter of the law. It might be abused and outraged, but nothing else offered sure footing. If any man, or any number of men, should insist that the forms of law were used to defeat justice and right, the reply would be conclusive that there is no middle course in such a case between the forms of law and revolution or anarchy. The result of the action of Garcelon was that civil government in Maine was allowed to expire, leaving only a Supreme Court and a Major-General of Militia from which a legal society was to be reconstructed. As we understand it, the qualification of Mr. Hale did not complete a legal quorum in the House. If, however, it did make a quorum, it seems to us that it made also a *prima facie* Legislature. Preventing a quorum would have deprived the acts of the Legislature of all semblance of legality, and it would have shown the conspirators that the only way out of the chaos lay in seating members rightfully elected.

The Republican organization of a Legislature does not seem to us to be a solution of the difficulty. The important question is, who was elected? And that can be determined properly only in the way prescribed by law. It is held by a large body of anarchical Democrats that Mr. Tilden ought to have insisted upon being sworn in in 1877, because, as they allege, he was really elected by the votes cast in Louisiana. The answer is that the result of the election in Louisiana could be lawfully known only in the manner provided by law, and that manner did not declare Mr. Tilden to be elected. There was no doubt that the law gave the Returning Board authority to throw out the vote of any parish for reasons satisfactory under the law to the Board. It was declared that its action was fraudulent; but the remedy for fraud was not revolution. The acquiescence of the Democratic party in the final decision of the Electoral Commission was wise and patriotic, but its resistance would have been sheer revolution.

We do not understand that the dictum of a court can control the action of a Legislature upon questions over which its discretion is final. A court may decide a specific case brought properly before it, and it may, under the law, express its opinion upon the legality of certain courses when consulted by authorized officers. But we do not understand that it can bind the action of a legally qualified Legislature, or that it is the judge of the legality of official qualification, except under a writ of *quo warranto*. If contending parties choose to submit their difference to the arbitration of a body of wise and discreet magistrates, they do a very judicious thing, and we wish that it were oftener done. But submission to an arbitration is not obedience to law. In Maine, as everywhere else in a similar juncture, the vitally important point under existing circumstances is not the success of the Republican plan or of the Democratic plan, but a solution of the difficulty under unquestionable legal forms. General Chamberlain's position has been misconceived. He was, with undoubted legality, charged with the care of the public property until a Governor should be legally qualified. In the mean time the continuity of legal government has been apparently destroyed by Garcelon's action, and of necessity General Chamberlain must decide when it has been resumed. It is a tremendous responsibility, but he has not sought it, and he will not abuse it. Indeed, it is fortunate that at such a moment it devolves upon a man of character and courage. The essential superiority of independent political character to mere partisan obstinacy is seen in the universal confidence that General Chamberlain, who is more patriot than partisan, has no object but the public welfare, and will bow at once to the decision of a lawful tribunal. This trust in the patriotic honesty of one citizen thus far keeps the peace in Maine.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

The Irish agitation of which Mr. Parnell, who has recently arrived in this country, is the chief leader and representative, is more general and profound than any movement since that of O'Connell for Repeal. It is stimulated by short crops and the prospect of dire famine in some parts of the country, and it is another illustration of the wholly unsettled condition of the Irish question. The question is radical, and it is curiously complicated with that of the general political situation in England. It offers great temptation to the Liberal party to make its success almost certain at the coming elections by an alliance with the Irish contingent in Parliament, the Home Rule party. But Home Rule is practically the entering wedge of repeal, and the Liberals would certainly lose more than they could gain by such an alliance. Lord Hartington, the official Liberal leader, has frankly opposed the alliance if the condition is to be the acceptance of Home Rule even as a subject of discussion. Mr. Fawcett still more positively condemns any kind of compromise with the demand, and Mr. Forster has distinctly repudiated it. But, on the other hand, solid and grave Liberals like Mr. William Rathbone, of Liverpool, and Mr. Samuel Morley, have supported a motion for inquiry into the reasons for the demand of Home Rule. Sir William Harcourt has evaded the point, while Mr. Jacob Bright, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and other Liberals have either voted for the inquiry or expressed their willingness to do so. It was estimated in 1877 that the whole number of voters in the city constituencies of England, Scotland, and Wales was 1,717,000, and that in the same towns and cities there were 170,000 Irish voters. The proposition of alliance, as a writer in the *Nineteenth Century* points out, is a proposition to risk the support of the whole mass of Liberal voters by attempting to conciliate less than a tenth of the whole body of electors.

But a home Parliament is not the chief demand of the present Irish agitation. It aims at a new tenure of land. It seeks a redistribution of property. It is a demand that the government shall take a large part of the land of Ireland, paying a fair sum, which is computed to be £250,000,000, or $1,250,000,000, to the owners, and then let it in small holdings to peasant proprietors, who are ultimately to become absolute owners upon certain conditions. The plea for this policy is that of necessity: that nothing else can save Ireland from misery and destruction. Agriculture is the mainspring of the wealth of the country. There are 600,000 tenant farmers, of whom more than 500,000, representing with their families 3,000,000 of persons, have no security in their homes or in their business, except the will of a few thousand absentee lords of the soil. These absentees yearly take out of the country £6,000,000, of which not a penny returns to benefit it. The tenant racks the soil, and the landlord racks the tenant, and the racking has sent many millions of Irish away from Ireland in thirty years. This is the statement of the leaders of the agitation, and they insist that the case is beyond any surgery but that of the state.

The agitation thus far avoids much discussion of methods. If the land is to be bought by the government only as it comes into market, and then let out to the farmers, the project is simple, however undesirable. But if farmers can pay rent to the state, why not to the landlord? And if the landlord is severe, why should not the soulless state be severer? If, however, as seems to be implied in some of the speeches, the land is to be seized by the state upon an appraisal, the plan is communism. By the same right that the state should take the Irish land it could take the land in England and Scotland, and become the universal landlord, or distribute it in fee at will. It is true that by the authority of eminent domain the state does assert the right to appropriate private property upon its own conditions. The eastern shore of the Hudson River was seized by the State of New York for the public convenience. This is the principle of communism, which is the sacrifice of the individual to the community. The community, indeed, did not become the owner, but it compelled the surrender of the land for a specified sum. The principle if sought to be applied in Ireland would make the state the proprietor and landlord, and it naturally strikes Englishmen with dismay. The National Land League in Ireland declares one of its purposes to be "obtaining such a reform in the laws relating to land as will enable every tenant to become the owner of his holding by paying a fair rent for a limited number of years." Every Englishman will say that Mr. Arch's farmer agitation in England will lead to the same end. If poor Irishmen are to become land owners by paying a fair rent for a few years, why should not poor Englishmen have the same chance? Should the Liberal party in England be suspected of favoring such a domestic policy, it is easy to see that the Tory foreign policy would be preferred. Yet, as this is the platform of the Home Rulers, they could not be countenanced without seeming to approve this policy. Mr. Parnell, in a speech in Dublin on the 21st of November, served plain notice upon the Liberals that they can have Home Rule support only upon Home Rule terms: "We will let Lord Beaconsfield and company continue to plunder the British tax-payer as long as the British tax-payer likes, unless the Liberal party come to their senses as regards the rights of the people of this country." England is already moving to relieve Irish distress, but English Liberals are probably hardly ready to adopt that Irish view of Irish rights which demands complete independence. In this country the appeal for relief is complicated by its association with a political policy. The Irish question is undoubtedly a most grave and pressing question for England, and it is one which necessarily excites popular interest and sympathy in the United States, where there are so many citizens of Irish birth and descent. An appeal to that popular sympathy is perfectly legitimate. Our own statesmen made such an appeal sixty years ago when Greece was ravaged by Turkey. Kossuth made it for Hungary; and in 1840 many of our most eminent antislavery leaders went to England and told the tale of American slavery. The government, of course, can take no part in such agitation or appeal. But suffering and injustice anywhere will always touch the American heart.

THE ELECTORAL COUNT.

The situation in Maine, and the critical condition of the country in February, 1877, when the Presidential vote was to be counted, should compel a popular demand upon Congress to determine at this session the method of counting the next electoral vote. The situation is a test of our practical ability to deal with vital questions as their importance is disclosed, and to provide a legal remedy for possible complications. There is no doubt that the next election will depend upon the vote of two or three States, and possibly of one State. It is perfectly practicable at this time to decide how the count shall be conducted, and there is no excuse for delay.

The constitutional scheme, as laid down in the Twelfth Amendment, is radically defective, because it makes no provision whatever for a contest, and evidently does not contemplate a challenge of the electoral certificate of a State. The authority of the President of the Senate, also, in the reception of the certificates is not precisely defined, although the implication is that he has no discretionary function. We presume that no President of the Senate would undertake to determine which of two or more certificates received by him he would lay before Congress. The power to elect a President, to which this discretion would be equivalent, would not be conferred by the Constitution indirectly or by implication.

Republican Congresses have always decided what course to pursue in case of a contest, and the Democratic Congress will do the same. There is great opportunity of mischief unless Congress should require the contests to be settled in the States where they arise, and decline to count the vote unless such a settlement be made. If the Houses should constitute themselves a returning board, and decide to throw out, for instance, an electoral vote upon which they did not agree, it would be very easy to get up a sham contest in a State whose vote would settle the election, and throw it out so as to settle it the other way. This would be an outrage as monstrous as that of Garcelon in Maine. But the only safeguard against it lies in the power of public opinion. It would be accomplished under the forms of law, and could be resisted only by revolution. But the American way is not revolution. Such an act would destroy the party that did it, and our degradation is not so complete that it need be contemplated. It would be, however, a tremendous trial of the loyal forbearance of the country—a risk to which no honest man of any party would wish to see the country exposed. Nothing, indeed, at this juncture, and with the Maine crisis fully in mind, would be of more service to the Democratic party in the election of next year than the adoption this winter of a reasonable and just method of counting the vote.

SOME FAMOUS MEN.

Mr. Charles T. Congdon, long known as one of the most brilliant and humorous of journalists, who has taken an important part in many of the great press debates of the last thirty years, is publishing some delightful personal and editorial reminiscences in the *Tribune*, to which also Mr. Oliver Johnson is contributing very interesting and valuable recollections of the antislavery epoch. In one of his latest numbers Mr. Congdon tells a characteristic story of Mr. Webster. In 1840 Mr. Haughton, the editor of the Boston *Atlas*, the chief Whig organ of Massachusetts, decided to oppose Mr. Webster's nomination, and to advocate that of General Harrison. He took the proof of his article to Mr. Webster, "whose rage was boundless." Mr. Haughton calmly told him that he could not be President, but that he could be Secretary of State, and advised him, as the article would greatly irritate his friends, not to express any feeling, but simply to say nothing. Mr. Congdon continues: "Mr. Webster was finally persuaded that this course would be at least the most dignified. So when the *Atlas* appeared on that eventful day, great was the commotion in State Street, down which Mr. Webster walked with more than his usual stately dignity. Out rushed respectability from many doors. 'Mr. Webster, have you seen the *Atlas?*' cried one. 'Have you read that shameful article?' asked another. People who saw the scene have told me that Mr. Webster's bearing under this fire of questions was magnificent. 'I have not seen the article,' he said, 'nor do I care to see it. I suppose that the editor of the newspaper expresses his opinions, as he has a right to do.'" The decisive article was probably written by Richard Hildreth, but inspired by Mr. Haughton, to whom the nomination of General Harrison, Mr. Congdon thinks, was generally attributed.

He tells this equally characteristic story of Rufus Choate: "He was once opposing, before a legislative committee, a project for giving the Boston and Providence Railway Company liberty to trespass upon that sacred spot, the Common. Mr. Choate drew a beautiful picture of the delights of that *rus in urbe*. 'Here,' he said, 'when the vernal breezes blow, you may walk with your wives and children, and drink in all the charms of re-awaking nature. But grant the prayer of the petitioners, gentlemen, and what will you have? The scream of locomotives, the rattle of trains, the whir of machinery—Stromboli, Vesuvius, Ætna, Cotopaxi—hell itself, gentlemen!' There was a man who had skill enough to give this in precisely Mr. Choate's manner, and it never failed to convulse the company with laughter."

In the same number Mr. Congdon gives an admirable illustration of Edward Everett's oratorical manner. General Jackson had charged the Secretary of the Treasury, who would not remove the deposits, with being bribed by the United States Bank, and Mr. Everett exclaimed, with elegant indignation: "I believe if any King of England, of the house of Brunswick, had uttered such an accusation against a First Lord of the Treasury, the day on which he uttered it would have been the last of his reign. He would have been hurried from the palace to the Tower, and from the Tower to the scaffold; or, if measures had been adopted more consonant with the spirit of the age, Parliament would have resolved that the royal intellect was impaired, and the unhappy monarch would have lingered out the remainder of his days in the gloomiest haunts and darkest recesses of Windsor Castle."

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE" IN SCHOOL.

In some of the schools in Tennessee and Kentucky *Harper's Young People* has been adopted as a School Reader, and it is interesting to remark that in obedience to the same excellent principle that text-books should be made as interesting and attractive as possible, a change has been made in "Readers" in the Boston public schools. The good sense of the adoption of such a publication as *Harper's Young People* as a School Reader is obvious. The matter is not only carefully adapted to interest and attract boys and girls, but it is always of the most unexceptionable kind, and it has the charm of perpetual novelty and freshness. A publication which consults skillfully the healthful tastes of children makes study a pleasure in the most legitimate way.

The form of the change in Boston is the substitution of interesting works of the English classics for the usual collections. For instance, an essay of Macaulay's, a play of Shakespeare's, like those edited by Mr. Rolfe, or *Robinson Crusoe*, or a Waverley Novel, or a selection from the *Arabian Nights*, will probably be adopted, and already a little pamphlet of the six most popular fairy tales, "Cinderella," "Puss in Boots," "Jack the Giant-killer," etc., and an admirable collection of "Poetry for Children," edited by Mr. Eliot, the superintendent of the schools, have been brought into use.

The great point is to interest the young people in their school work, not by consulting their indolence, but by stimulating their taste and activity. Our methods of school-teaching tend undoubtedly to superficiality. We attempt to embrace too much for the time and the conditions of the school, and, as Mr. Adams has shown in his pamphlet upon the Quincy schools, the necessity now is to concentrate attention upon a few branches, and to teach thoroughly what is taught at all. The adoption of the *Young People* as a School Reader in Tennessee and Kentucky is a most cheering sign of the intelligent management of the schools, as well as of the constant progress which is making in the school system.

AN ICELANDIC PATRIOT.

Professor Willard Fiske, of Cornell University, who has the Mezzofanti skill in languages, made a most interesting journey during the last summer, circumnavigating Iceland. It was his second visit to the island, and he writes privately from Berlin: "I have spent a most delightful summer in sunny Iceland; have sailed across the arctic circle into a realm where no newspapers reach; have climbed volcanoes, and looked down into the basins of geysers; and have learned to know better a growing little nation which is sturdily working out for itself many interesting political and social problems."

Professor Fiske speaks of the great man of Iceland, recently dead, Jon Sigurdson, and as he personally knew him, his sketch is very graphic. "He united the wisdom and liberalism of Gladstone with the iron will and hard-handed energy of Bismarck, and on a larger field, or with a broader background, he would have been one of the prominent figures of the nineteenth century. He was called John, the son of Sigurd, wrote sagas all his life, and worked out, after thirty years of unceasing effort, his country's political independence. His good wife was the image of Stauffacher's wife in Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell," a patriot's meet helpmate. The kindly, intelligent Lady Ingibjörg, as the Icelanders fondly styled her, died three days after her husband's funeral, and in the spring, when their bodies are carried to Iceland for burial, even the gyrfalcons will mourn their loss."

PERSONAL.

General Garfield has received the unprecedented compliment, in Ohio, of a unanimous nomination by his party for the United States Senatorship. This is not surprising. General Garfield is concededly the ablest man in the House of Representatives, and his nomination is undoubtedly attributable to the universal respect for him that is entertained by the Ohio people. Though only forty-eight years of age, he has for seventeen years been in Congress. He was twenty-five years old when he graduated from Williams College. Three years later he went to Ohio, plunged at once into politics, to which he has since been mostly devoted. Besides his ability as a speaker, he is a thorough parliamentarian, and is noted for his industry and attention to all the details of business in the House, with a delightful prejudice in favor of scholarly things.

—Stephen P. Nash, Esq., who on Tuesday last was elected President of the Bar Association of this city, has for many years occupied a prominent and honorable position in the legal profession. Mr. Nash is a native of Watervliet, New York, and is now about fifty-eight years of age, and in the prime of his powers. After studying law in the office of William A. Beach, at Saratoga Springs, he was admitted to practice. For two or three years he was, at Albany, associated with the late Nicholas Hill, one of the ablest lawyers this State has produced. In 1846 he came to New York, where he has since resided, and has long been regarded as one of the ablest men at the bar. Indeed, his election to the presidency of the Bar Association as the successor of Mr. Evarts is sufficient attestation of that fact. Mr. Nash has also for many years been a prominent member of the vestry of Trinity Church, where his legal abilities have been of great value. He is likewise one of the Board of Trustees of Columbia College. The position to which he has now been chosen is one of high distinction, of which any lawyer should justly be proud. It could only be won by a gentleman of fine intellect, high professional attainments, and stainless character.

—Mr. Motley's admirable sketch of Peter the Great, which was published as No. 24 of "Harper's Half-hour Series," has just been reissued in response to a large demand. It was originally written for the *North American* in 1845, but it was hardly known to the general public until it appeared in this popular form.

—Mr. Gorman, the new United States Senator from Maryland, has before held a position in that body—that of a page. It is the only instance in the history of the U. S. Senate where the very humblest of its subordinates has risen to be a member. Mr. Gorman owes his success to his character, to great aptitude for political management, and to the successful manner in which he has administered large business interests.

—Mr. Bronson Howard is having a decided success in London with his play, *The Banker's Daughter*. Mr. Moncure D. Conway, in a letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, says, "An eminent novelist who witnessed it told me that Thackeray himself never drew a completer character than old Westbrook."

—The new United States Senator from Alabama, Hon. Luke E. Pryor, appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Houston, has not been much in political life, having devoted his time to the practice of law and his large planting interest. He is sixty years old, and came to Athens, where he lives, in a suit of brown jeans made by his mother, to whom he was a devoted son. He was tendered the appointment of Supreme Court Judge, which he declined. He has done much to develop the general resources of the State, especially its railroad and river interests and vast mineral wealth. He is an able lawyer, and foremost among the orators of Alabama. He is also spoken of as a large-hearted, generous man, greatly esteemed throughout his State.

—Colonel Forney, with the commencement of the year, establishes a branch office of *Progress* in New York, and henceforth will publish that capital paper simultaneously in Philadelphia and this city. *Progress* is one of our highest-toned society papers—filled with pleasant personals, stories, letters, poetry, gossip, etc.

—Truman Smith, ex-United States Senator, and now in the eighty-eighth year of his age, was on Sunday, the 4th inst., made a member of the Presbyterian church at Stamford, Connecticut.

—The many friends of Mr. Bancroft, the venerable historian, will be glad to learn that, notwithstanding his recent illness and his advanced age (seventy-nine in October last), he is now able to drive out, and was at a reception at the White House a few days since, though somewhat feeble. A correspondent of the Cleveland *Herald* says that "though one of the oddest creatures imaginable, always saying and doing the most unheard of things, he is withal so interesting and amiable that a chat with him (especially in the study piled high with books and papers, and generally occupied by two or three amanuenses, where he has spent so many years) is an event never to be forgotten. When he is called to 'come up higher,' one of the strongest characters of the age will have disappeared."

—Our old friend Mr. Stephen Massett, after having visited every other country on the planet, has finally found himself at the Cape of Good Hope, where, on the evening of December 2, 1879, in Cape Town, he gave his "third and last appearance, under the distinguished patronage of the Right Honorable Sir Bartle Frere, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., and Lady Frere." The entertainment concluded with "The Charge of the Light Brigade," when he read the Earl of Cardigan's account of the memorable event, personally given to Mr. Massett by that nobleman. The Cape Town *Mail* speaks of the entertainment as having been a decided success.

—The Duke of Argyll has communicated to *Fraser's Magazine* some of the impressions made by his recent trip to the United States and Canada. He says that costly and ostentatious houses are far more common in New York than in London, that the New York shops, especially shops for the sale of luxuries, are on an "enormous" scale. He doubts if there exists "anywhere in London, or in any capital of the Old World, such an establishment as that of Tiffany's for the sale of jewelry and other articles of great cost." He need not doubt. Neither in London nor in Paris is there an establishment which can pretend to vie with Tiffany's in the extent and variety of works of art—art of the jeweller, goldsmith, silversmith, art in bronze and the like—such as are there offered for sale. He found other stores on a similar scale "for the sale of women's attire," denoting luxurious expenditure by the richer classes. And thereupon he moralizes a little on the difference between the Old World, which makes money to invest, and the New World, which makes it only to spend.

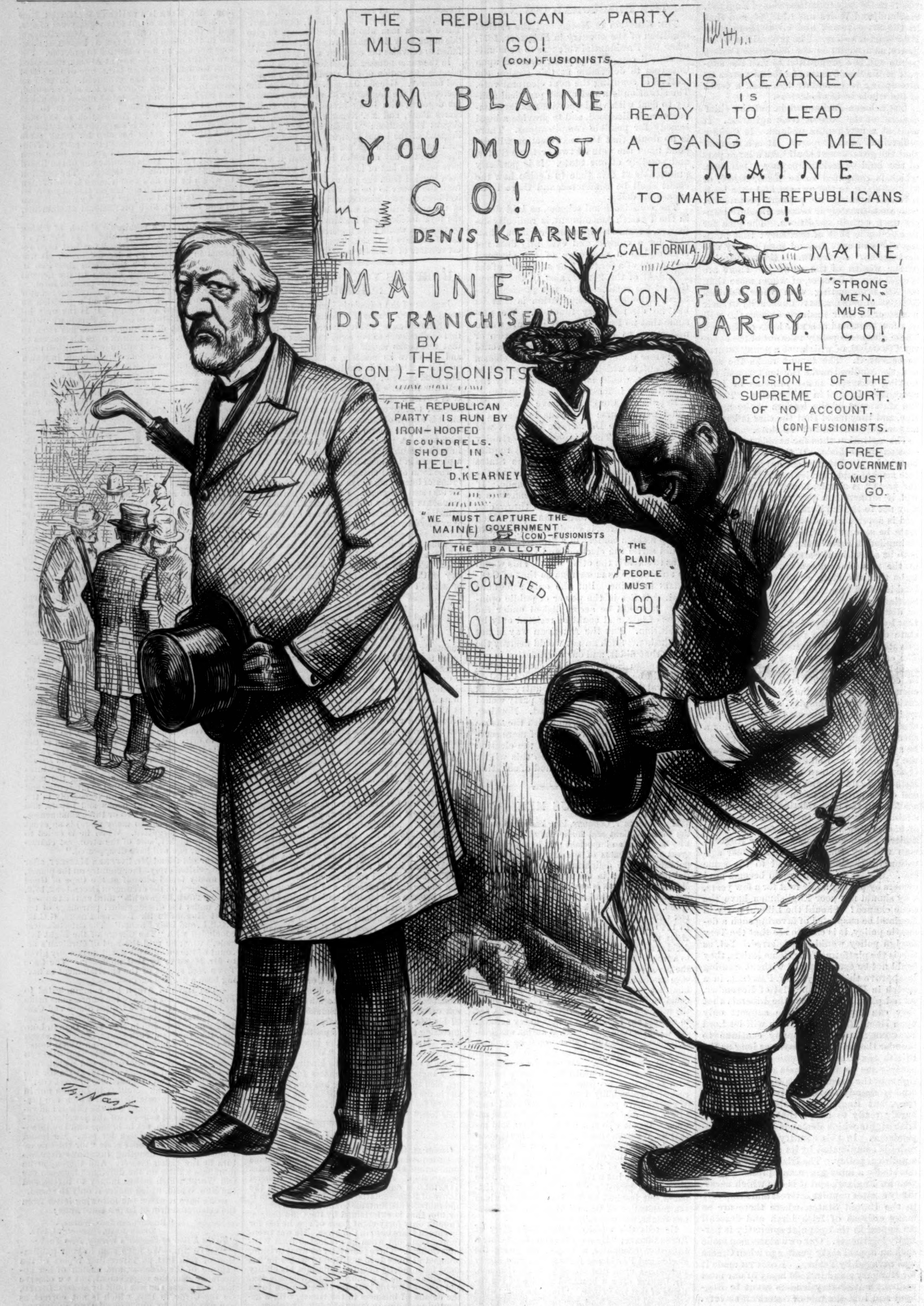
—We have received the following letter from the celebrated firm of Laird Brothers:

"Birkenhead Iron-Works,
Birkenhead, *December* 24, 1879.

"*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly, New York:*

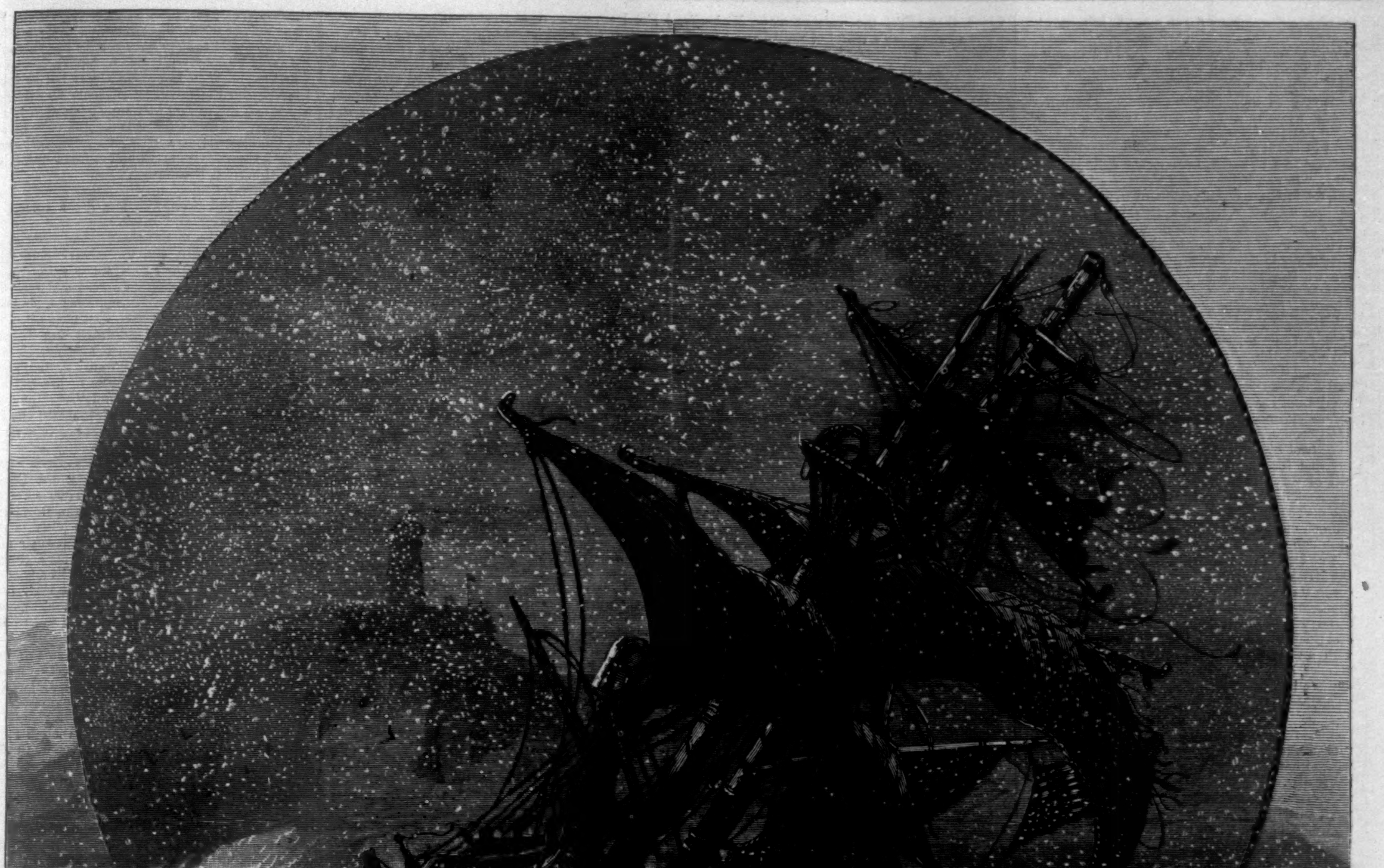
"Dear Sir,—We have seen in your publication of 13th inst. an interesting report of the capture of the *Huascar*, and sketch of her appearance after the engagement, but we observe that it is stated she was built by Messrs. Lloyd, on the Clyde, in 1865, which is not correct, as she was built by our firm—Laird Brothers, Birkenhead—and we will be glad if you will correct this in an early publication.

"We are, yours faithfully,
"Laird Brothers."


THE REPUBLICAN PARTY MUST GO! (CON)-FUSIONISTS.
JIM BLAINE YOU MUST GO! DENIS KEARNEY
DENIS KEARNEY IS READY TO LEAD A GANG OF MEN TO MAINE TO MAKE THE REPUBLICANS GO!
CALIFORNIA MAINE,
(CON) FUSION PARTY.
"STRONG MEN." MUST GO!
MAINE DISFRANCHISED BY THE (CON)-FUSIONISTS
"THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IS RUN BY IRON-HOOFED SCOUNDRELS. SHOD IN HELL." D. KEARNEY
"WE MUST CAPTURE THE MAIN(E) GOVERNMENT" (CON)-FUSIONISTS
THE BALLOT.
COUNTED OUT
THE PLAIN PEOPLE MUST GO!
THE DECISION OF THE SUPREME COURT. OF NO ACCOUNT. (CON) FUSIONISTS.
FREE GOVERNMENT MUST GO.
Th. Nast.

POLITICAL CAPITAL AND COMPOUND INTEREST.

NON-VOTER. "Now Melican Man know muchee how it is himself."



ON A LEE SHORE.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

THE RECENT STORMS.

QUIET as the winter has seemed, so far, to those of us who have passed our time in this metropolis and its neighborhood, rarely has there been so much and such a continuation of bad weather off our coasts at sea. The reports of passengers and crews as they arrive go to show that the stormy deep has recently behaved with a boisterousness for which there are few parallels in the records of late years. A century or two ago, when adventurers from Europe first began to make their way to our shores, the violence of our winters, and the fury of the gales that opposed their passage, made the voyage something to be dreaded; but of late the increasing mildness of our climate both on land and sea has divested such journeys of nearly all terror. Only in rare instances is an ocean steamer endangered by storms, provided her machinery remains in order, and the crew know how to handle their vessel. The experiences of the last few weeks will, however, strike terror to those who have learned to place too much confidence in the gradual pacification of old Neptune.

When the steamer *Batavia* arrived at this port on the morning of Sunday, January 12, it was after one of the stormiest passages within the recollection of any of the ship's officers. When the ship left Liverpool, on the 27th of December, there was a strong breeze blowing, but not such as to occasion any special alarm. In the afternoon the wind increased to a gale, with confused seas, and the weather was very rough all the way down the Channel, with strong head-winds and fogs. Queenstown was not reached until late in the evening, seven or eight hours behind time. When the vessel left that port, at five o'clock on the afternoon of the following day (Sunday), there was a strong westerly wind, so that Fastnet was passed at half past eleven. On Monday the storm began, and during the night there were furious squalls, rain, hail, terrific thunder and lightning. From this time until January 4 there was little cessation in the grim succession. Then the weather moderated, but only for a new though somewhat milder edition of the storm. On January 7, when the vessel stood off the Fog Banks, there were light head-winds; and finally, as she sighted Fire Island Light, the sky cleared, and she came in, the storms left behind her, and the weather fair. During the entire voyage the wind kept veering from southwest to west-northwest. The barometer ranged from 28.30 to 29.20, and the temperature ran down to 22° Fahrenheit.

The experiences of the passengers and crew during this voyage were of the most unpleasant character. There was not only shipwreck to fear, but discomfort of every kind to endure. Nothing in the way of amusement could be undertaken, and confined below hatches, the unhappy voyagers gazed at one another day in and day out in a sort of hopeless misery. One passenger had the courage to keep a diary, and from it we extract the following paragraph descriptive of life aboard an ocean steamer in a storm:

"There are only sixteen cabin passengers, and of these about twelve have not got out of their beds yet since the first night. But four or five (including myself) got over all seasickness on Sunday, and have been on deck every day since. The captain at first refused to let us go, but seeing that we were able to hang on to the ropes that are stretched across the deck, from side to side and from end to end, he made no further objection; but with the wind blowing, and the spray dashing over us, and the vessel half capsizing every minute, we were never able to stay on deck very long at a time. There was unfortunately no smoking-room, and down below in the cabin was our only refuge from deck. But there we had all the horrible ship smells, and if we stood up, we were sure to be knocked down, and if we sat down, we were sure either to be lifted up and thrown over the table, or else to have everything on the table come down on us. Taking meals under these circumstances was one of the hardest things I ever attempted. It was rather amusing at first, hanging on to the table, and watching the dishes roll about and the joints fly off on the floor, but all the joke of the thing is gone now. Four strips of wood run the whole length of the table, and divide it into three divisions, like the parts of a Scotch sheep-fold, but the dishes manage to jump out much more cleverly than sheep. We have breakfast from half past eight to half past nine, lunch at twelve, dinner at four, tea at half past seven, and then, if not before, most people are so tired of being knocked about all day that they go to bed. Once safely in your state-room, the question arises how are you going to get undressed without getting your head smashed against the side of the room, or putting your eye out (as I almost did) by running your finger into it, or losing five or six inches of skin from the shin of your leg (as many have done) by being thrown forcibly across the room and under the bed. Even when all these dangers have been escaped, and you get yourself safely to bed, the position is only worse. Water bottles and tumblers begin to fly straight at you from the other side of the room, hats and hat-boxes jump down from their places, heavy portmanteaus begin to rush at each other across the floor, and spend the night either thumping each other, or banging with all their might into the wall and bulwarks."

The experiences of the *Britannic*, a vessel of the White Star Line, which arrived some hours later on the same day, were similar, if not quite as severe as those of the *Batavia*. There were strong westerly gales, but the vessel made her usual time, and the officers were disposed to make light of the storm. The purser, in describing the passage to a reporter of one of our daily journals, said: "It was tempestuous weather all the time, but we took no special count of it, and were not delayed by it. What is a very severe passage for other vessels is no serious obstacle to the *Britannic*. We came right along, but we did not have a single clear day until yesterday. You can say we had strong westerly gales, and I think that is all there is to be said." A gentleman who was present spoke of the splendid sailing qualities of the ship, and gave as an instance a gale during a passage he had made recently. "Ah! but this was much more severe," said the purser, "than when you crossed with us. It was one continual blow all the way to the Banks, and we did not have a single clear day."

The steamer *City of New York*, of the Inman Line, occupied nineteen days on her voyage from Liverpool by way of Queenstown. The officers say that for eleven days they ran through a series of very heavy gales, during one of which a tremendous sea broke over the bows, carried away the port cat-head, and split the breakwater. Two seamen on the forward bridge were dashed to the deck and severely injured.

The experiences of the passengers and crew of the *Aragon* present a most appalling picture of ocean travel. This vessel sailed from Bristol on the 19th of December. Twenty-four days she was tossed about on the ocean by the storm, and several times it was reported that she had gone down with all on board. Captain BROWN, her commander, in telling the story of the voyage, said:

"We had fourteen passengers—eight of them women—in the steerage, and a full cargo of freight. The first day out we struck the storm coming from the northwest, and varying at times to southwest. Day after day for fifteen days we had hard weather. Such seas as we had you never saw. For a time we'd have the gale from the northwest, and then it would change to southwest, cutting up cross-seas that swept the deck. The men had a rough time on deck, I tell you. Early New-Year's morning a cyclone struck us, with most terrific squalls, the wind varying all the time. Tremendous seas were created almost instantaneously. On the next day a heavy sea struck us, carrying away some of the bridge stanchions, the wheel-house, the ventilators, and one of the boats, and smashing another boat. The men in the wheel-house were knocked about like toys, but no bones were broken. In fact, during all the voyage the men had only a few bruises, although they were roughly handled."

On the last day of the year the *Aragon* sighted a vessel of the Inman Line. With some difficulty, and by going out of his course, Captain BROWN exchanged signals, in the hope that the larger vessel, arriving sooner, might report him. This unfortunately was not done, or much anxiety would have been spared those who had either property or friends on board. The conclusion of the captain's story is as follows:

"On the 6th of January we were ice-bound in fearful cross-seas. It was very cold, the ship was coated with ice, and the sails were stiffened. Then I ran away south, and for the last seven or eight days we had moderate weather, with fogs. Some of the passengers were sick all the time, and one old woman was in bed for seventeen days. We sighted pilot-boat No. 1 about 150 miles off shore, and Pilot HALL boarded us. The passengers were glad to see him, I assure you. I've made fifty-seven voyages in this ship, and although I've seen just as bad weather, I never saw it continue bad so long."

So much advance has been made lately in meteorological science that it is not unreasonable to hope that before long the laws that govern the weather may be sufficiently well understood to enable vessels to anticipate all great storms, and in a measure keep clear of them by changing their course, or delaying in quarters to which they are not likely to extend. The New York *Herald*, which has apparently taken the weather under its especial charge, recently published an editorial in which, upon the basis of the recent storms in the neighborhood of the Azores, and the opinions of certain well-known meteorologists, it disposes of the theory that westerly gales, when making the winter passage from America to England, before reaching the latter generally draw to the north and vanish in the vicinity of Iceland, and argues that these gales do in fact reach the coasts of Europe.

According to ten years' observations of Mr. HUNT, a former British consul at St. Michael's, "the regularity with which gales enter these seas in the northwest quarter and disappear in southeast is a circumstance the knowledge of which may be highly serviceable to commanders of ships." "The coincidence of this course with the great Atlantic current, which is a continuation of the Gulf Stream," Mr. FINDLAY, the leading nautical authority of England, states, "goes very far to identify the Azorean storms with the tropical hurricanes traced along the Gulf Stream to Cape Hatteras." Indeed, the sailing directions instruct a ship caught in a violent gale north of the Azores, in order to escape it, to steer "due south."

The *Herald* insists that thus indirectly we have the best authority for assuming that the hurricanes moving off our coast follow the well-known current of the Atlantic toward Europe. The disturbances at the Azores are effects of or off-shoots from the monster cyclones which pursue their normal pathway along parallels a little north of these islands, where they are frequently, though comparatively feebly, felt. The regularity with which they affect the weather at St. Michael's, while within a day's travel of European waters, is regarded as incontrovertible proof that they regularly cross the Atlantic, and impinge upon or assail the European coasts.

Since so much has been discovered, the ban of ignorance removed that existed in Scriptural times, and though the wind bloweth where it listeth, we know whence it cometh and whither it goeth, it certainly would seem that, with our ample means of communication with all parts of the globe, we are only within one short step of that knowledge which would enable the mariner to avoid the storm, and keep his vessel where the skies are comparatively fair and the waters smooth.

AN ARCADIAN REVENGE.

BY JAMES PAYN.

"DEPEND upon it, my dear sir, there is a system of compensation: I, for example, occupy a position in the country beyond my talents, while you possess talents that are considerably above what is necessary—ahem—to a person of your condition of life."

This amazing speech was addressed to me confidentially, in the smoking-room of our common club one night, by Mr. Dornoway-Dicke, after we had dined together for the first time. It was late in August; the club was empty, and I had invited him to join tables, though I knew him to be an ass, rather than dine alone. The bad man may take a solitary meal without moral damage, and even to the public advantage, since the custom is unwholesome, and tends to shorten life; but to the good man it is harmful. His thoughts, constant as the needle to the pole to what is pure and good, are naturally attracted to himself, and his benevolent actions, his excellent motives, his whole blameless career, pass in review before his eyes, and he becomes self-conscious and self-complacent. Rather than run the risk of this, having ordered my own modest repast, I looked up at Dornoway-Dicke, who, with his glass painfully fixed in his eye, was scanning the same "limited carte" for the day, in doubt (as I guessed) about the French dishes, and observed, "Shall we dine together?" and he had replied, courteously, "Charmed, I am sure."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Dornoway-Dicke was a man not easy to charm; it was not in Genius (though up to that date I don't think it had ever tried it) to do so; and I believe even Beauty herself would have failed in the attempt, unless she had had a title to back her.

Mr. Dicke's weakness was for a lord—a very common one, of course, but in his case unusually pronounced. His conversation was studded with titles as the firmament is with stars; and he was in respect to them what Mr. Carlyle, in relation to spiritual things, calls "terribly at ease in Zion"; that is, he was shockingly familiar with earls and viscounts, while as to baronets, he would refer to them by their Christian names. To say that his views upon all matters were commonplace would have been flattering to his intelligence: they were conventional to sublimity.

"Ghost stories are absurd," argues Coleridge, "because, though men tell us they have had such an experience, if a man did really ever see what he actually believed to be a ghost, idiotcy would at once supervene;" but I firmly believe that Dornoway-Dicke would have seen a ghost without the least injury to his intellectual powers; not because he was already an idiot, but (independently of that) because so unconventional a subject as the supernatural had never entered his mind. If the ghost had a title, then, indeed, an impression might have been made, but it would have been produced by his temporal, not his spiritual, lordship. In all matters which exercise the human mind, from theology to American bowls, he took not the faintest interest; but I had been informed—and warned—that upon the subject of the dignity and position of the Dornoway-Dicke family he could and would be very diffuse if you were not careful. He was a man, in short, to nod to, but not to speak with, unless the means of escape were handy.

Still, late in August, at a London club, one can not afford to be particular, and having such strong moral reasons for not dining alone, I had to dine with Dornoway-Dicke.

There was one circumstance, however, which really did attract me toward this gentleman, and made me wish for a closer acquaintance. It was a much-debated question in the club whether he wore a wig or not, and I wanted to solve it. If he did do so (for even after dining with him I was not sure), they were the best wigs that ever were. I say wigs, because he must have had lots of them, for his hair was sometimes short and sometimes long, and sometimes just as it ought to be in the case of a fashionable young gentleman of fifty-four. For there was this disadvantage about the distinguished position of the Dornoway-Dicke family, that, being in the peerage—though it must be confessed in a very remote and "presumptive" fashion—the man's age was known to a nicety. There was then this point (as to his wig) to be cleared up, which promised me some little excitement, and I was also curious to know whether he talked of "the Land" as though it were alive, which I was assured he did. My information upon this point, as it turned out, was correct. The one supreme effort of originality which Mr. Dornoway-Dicke had made was to personify the landed interest in this peculiar fashion.

"What the Land wants, sir," he would observe, very slowly and majestically (so that you had plenty of time to suggest to yourself "top-dressing," "coprolites," and what not)—"what the Land wants, sir" (he always repeated this charming phrase), "is fair play."

"The Land" wanted so many things in the course of our conversation at dinner that I had begun to think it somewhat exacting, and indeed to get a little impatient of Mr. Dornoway-Dicke himself. But I am never, or at least hardly ever, discourteous, and though bored to extremity, like a wooden ship exposed to the action of the *Teredo navalis*, I endured it as though I had been made of iron. I had asked the man to dinner, and in one sense had certainly paid for it, so felt constrained by the duties of hospitality to be civil till the meal was over. When it was finished, and we repaired to the smoking-room, I had no such scruple. "The Vine," says the classic author, "is the Evoker of Truth," and this is even still more the case with the Cigar. Imagine, then, my indignation at that amazing remark of my companion: "I, for example, occupy a position in the country beyond my talents, while you possess talents that are considerably above what is necessary—ahem—to a person of your condition in life."

"Pray," said I, "Mr. Dornoway-Dicke, confine your observations to yourself, as you generally do. As to your talents, I have no reason to doubt your own modest estimation of them, but as to your position in the country, I was not aware that you had any."

I hope this was not rude. I spoke in the gentlest tones of which the human voice—or at all events my voice—is capable, and in a manner that was certainly winning, for I felt that I had scored. To my astonishment, Mr. Dornoway-Dicke remained quite unruffled; he carefully removed the ash from the end of his cigar with his signet-ring, and answered, quietly, almost humbly, "You quite mistake me. I said my position in *the country*, of which, as you tell me, you know nothing. You are not, then, familiar with Mangelwurzelshire?"

I was certainly not. I had heard of it, of course, but I felt myself fortunate in not having to spell it.

"Ah, I thought so," he continued, blandly. "You should come down to Dornoway Court and see me at home. Then you would understand why I don't oftener visit London. In town I am, comparatively speaking, nobody, but in Mangelwurzelshire— What do you say, now, to running down to us for the first week in September?"

Five minutes before I should have said "No" without the slightest hesitation; but the outrageous vanity of the man's manner tickled me to the core. I felt curious to see those natives of Mangelwurzelshire to whom Mr. Dornoway-Dicke appeared to be a person of importance, and, moreover, I had not yet discovered whether he wore a wig or not. "The worst part of a wig," says the old riddle, "as of love, is the parting;" but Mr. Dornoway-Dicke's parting was perfect, and so delicate that one would have almost said it had been effected by a female hand. Among the simpler inhabitants of Arcadia he might take less extreme precautions to deceive the public; and he certainly would not get his hair cut, if cut it ever was, so often. "I will come to Dornoway Court with pleasure," I said; and on the appointed day I went.

Important as my host's position in the country may be, it is not my intention to describe "Mr. Dornoway-Dicke at home," as though he were a public character. Suffice it to say that he was better at home than abroad (or at least in London); and as his family were pleasant people, and his house full of cheerful company, I did not regret my visit. The "Court," as he loved to call it, was, however, so peculiar that I must say a few words about it. It was the only edifice with which I am acquainted which gratified one's sense of humor. It was quite spick-and-span as respects newness, but built and furnished in the mediæval style. A gravel-drive, rolled to perfection, led up to a frowning entrance, with a huge oaken portal, in which was inserted a little hole barred with iron for purposes of espial. Through this the porter was supposed (though he never did it) to take cognizance of the approaching visitor, and if peaceful, to unbar the massive bolts of the great door to let him in. Everything in the house was apparently of the same epoch, but in reality about three years old. In the dining-room was a fireplace as big as an ordinary parlor, and before which one would not have been surprised to see a pair of trunk-hose airing, or a couple of jack-boots. The sideboard, to the modern and inartistic eye, resembled a kitchen dresser; while in the morning-room was a spinning-wheel with the flax in it, as though the thrifty housewife had just been called away from that occupation to superintend the construction of a venison pasty, or to issue orders for the entertainment of the company invited to the morrow's tournament.

These ridiculous objects, as I soon discovered, were designed to persuade the public that the Dornoway-Dickes themselves were mediæval, and had resided at the "Court" for the last six hundred years. Whereas, as a matter of fact, they were new-comers. In the country, even though you are distantly connected with the peerage, this is a serious obstacle to "position," and the whole of my host's gigantic intellect was concentrated on attaining it. He had been "called upon" at once by every one in the county within a circuit of twenty-five miles, except One. I write it reverentially with a capital O, for it was "The Duke." I am not of course speaking of the late Duke of Wellington; in Mangelwurzelshire, as in every other county, the Duke was the duke who lived there—his Grace of Turniptops. This divinity was still a young man, unmarried, and not much given to call on anybody; and for three long years all the efforts of the Dornoway-Dickes had been unavailing to induce him to honor the "Court" with his august presence. Two months ago, however, he had sent his card by a mounted messenger, and one month ago—oh, joy of joys!—he had accepted an invitation to a garden party at the house for one of the very days on which I was to remain its guest.

It was just after this gracious promise had been given that Mr. Dornoway-Dicke had made his appearance at the club, to make arrangements with Gunter; and now that I knew the circumstances, I was not only not surprised at the magnificence of his deportment on that occasion, but astonished that he should have been so affable as he was. My private impression is that he asked me down to Dornoway Court not so much from personal affection as to secure an additional witness to his social triumph; but that is neither here nor there. The Duke was coming, and the family were in a state of excitement rare, I should hope, in Hanwell, and not habitually exhibited even at Broadmoor.

The great subject of discussion among them for weeks had been, who was to be invited to meet the Duke? and it was not exhausted yet. Everybody—who was anybody—had been asked except the Titbats; and the knotty point that could not be settled was whether these people should be asked or not. Captain and Mrs. Titbat were their immediate neighbors; their lawn-tennis grounds were, in fact, contiguous, and the two families, though not absolutely on a friendly footing, were well known to one another. Young Titbat, when a player was wanting, had sometimes even been invited to make up the party at their favorite amusement; and when the balls went over the wire fence that separated the two domains, the juvenile Titbats did not pretend (as some young people would) that they were lost, but would honestly chuck them back again. Still, the Titbats were not among the County Families, nor anything like it. Their efforts—far more desperate than those of the Dornoway-Dickes—had miserably and utterly failed in that direction. It was not so much that their mansion was too small to be reckoned as a country house, that their paddock could not by any strain of courtesy be called a park, or that their ornamental lake was an undeniable pond. There was something amiss—I never could find out what—about Mrs. Titbat.

She was a woman—I once beheld her, and under circumstances I can never forget—of large proportions and hirsute aspect (indeed, she had a very respectable beard); her complexion was rubicund, and to the uncharitable might seem to indicate that she indulged in liquor, though I never heard that she did so. Whatever was wrong with her had happened so long ago that it would have been much better and kinder of her fellow-creatures to have forgotten it. But the fact remained that Mrs. Titbat was not "visited," nor would the Dornoway-Dickes have dreamed of asking her to their garden party except for that contiguity, to which I have referred, of their lawn-tennis grounds. The Duke, it was known, was devoted to the game; and if the two grounds could be thrown into one, it was felt by all the family that it would have been an immense improvement. This could scarcely be done, however, without asking Mrs. Titbat's permission, and also the pleasure of her company; and upon the whole it was judged best to leave matters as they were. The wire fencing between the two lawns was so very slight that they really looked to be one and the same, and as there was plenty of ground for the Duke to play upon, he would probably never discover that both the lawns did not belong to Dornoway Court.

In the course of the intimacy that existed between the junior members of the two families, the young Dornoway-Dickes, with a frankness characteristic of their age, had told the young Titbats that the Duke was coming on Friday to play lawn tennis, but that none but tip-top (not Titbat) people were to be asked to meet him; nor was even this the worst, for it had certainly been hinted by elder members of the family, in view of the suggested amalgamation of the tennis grounds, that such good neighbors as Captain and Mrs. Titbat would certainly be included in the invitation list. To explain what follows I must add that Mrs. Titbat herself was firmly persuaded that she would be among the guests, and was transported with the idea of it; for the being asked "to meet the Duke of Turniptops" (as was stated on the cards) was in Mangelwurzelshire like being presented at court, and at once both whitewashed and gilded the invitee. One has heard of the ire of the tigress when robbed of her young, but what is that as compared with the state of mind of a lady of blemished reputation who has persuaded herself that it will be rehabilitated, and that in the most splendid fashion, and then suddenly finds that she has been given the cold shoulder? Mrs. Titbat had actually ordered a dress from London in which to appear before his Grace of Turniptops, and the sight of it, as it hung useless in her wardrobe, envenomed her whole being, as though she had worn it, and it had been the garment of Nessus.

She clutched the skirts of Hope to the very last, but when Friday morning arrived, and no invitation had come, it fled from her soul, and was replaced by the desire for vengeance. If the Dornoway-Dickes could but have known what was passing in that injured lady's mind, they might have been reminded of those warning lines:

"Lest when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,
And learn by proof in some wild hour how much the wretched dare,"

or even if that quotation had not occurred to them, I am quite sure they would have asked her to their garden party even at that eleventh hour.

The guests arrived, and in due course—that is to say, exceedingly late—the Duke. The meeting of his Grace and my host and hostess was positively affecting. I thought Mr. Dornoway-Dicke would never leave off shaking his hand, and that his wife would have kissed it. However, he got away at last to luncheon. About two hundred people sat down to it, a select twenty on mediæval chairs, and the rest on much more comfortable but common ones. A dozen of the last had been borrowed, days ago, by the housekeeper, without her mistress's knowledge, from the Titbats. The host enjoyed himself as most people do under similar circumstances; that is to say, he was intensely miserable and anxious, but buoyed up by the thought that it would all be over presently, and he would have "his friend the Duke of Turniptops" to talk about for the rest of his natural life.

After luncheon we all repaired to the lawn-tennis ground.

"What a capital lawn you have!" observed the Duke, "and what a good plan that is of dividing your ground!"

He was referring, of course, to the iron fencing.

"It was a plan of my wife's," observed Mr. Dornoway-Dicke; for, as the other lawn was vacant, there was really no need to intimate that it belonged to somebody else.

A gilt youth of the county and one of its gilt young ladies were selected for one side, and his Grace and Miss Dornoway-Dicke for the other. The rest of the company stood round in attitudes of respectful admiration. They were just about to begin when the Duke observed, "Hullo! what the deuce is this?"

The exclamation was caused by the appearance of Mrs. Titbat, splendidly attired, and followed by all her maid-servants; some of them carried baskets of linen, and others lines and clothes-props. In the course of a few minutes the whole of the Titbat family linen was hanging on the line; some of the articles were very pronounced in shape, and became much more so when inflated by the breeze, which also (as they were purposely hung close to the wire fencing) carried their graceful folds right over the Duke's head.

The game was begun, but presently an immense petticoat broke loose, and after eddying doubtfully for a few moments, settled upon the Duke himself, who emerged from it with difficulty, and with a frightful execration. He threw down his racket, and said something I could not catch; indeed, I fled into a neighboring arbor and gave myself up to such paroxysms of mirth as almost threatened me with dissolution.

I was conscious of great excitement among the company without, and heard what sounded like the hurried departure of some of them, but I was positively incapable of ascertaining what was going on. The vision of all Mangelwurzelshire's noblest as they stood around that fatal place, and pretended to ignore the fact that the very firmament was darkened above them by the Titbat family linen; and then the spectacle of that petticoat descending upon his Grace's brow, and of himself emerging from it, was always too much for me. I sat in the arbor and fairly wept. Presently, after several severe relapses, I became conscious of a companion.

Beside me sat a little man, bald as a knob on the centre of a front door, and swearing softly, and as it were thoughtfully, to himself. It was only by his voice that I recognized Mr. Dornoway-Dicke.

"My dear Dicke," I murmured, for I felt it necessary to say something, "why are you here? why are you not entertaining"—I did not venture to mention the Duke—"your guests?"

"He's gone," he said. It was plain he was only thinking of one of them. "It was all on account of that infernal Mrs. Titbat. It's her own petticoat: it's marked with an M and a T."

I nodded, and held out my hand as though to entreat him to spare himself the recital of the catastrophe. I felt ready to expire. "But are all the rest of the people gone?" I murmured.

"What do I care? Yes. No. What a terrible day!"

"But, my dear Dicke," I said, beginning sincerely to pity him, "it will never do for you to stop here; you must not desert your friends."

"No, that's true," he answered, rising feebly and moving toward the house.

"But you have forgotten something."

"Have I? What? Oh yes, my wig." It lay on the floor of the arbor where he had flung it in his frenzy. He stooped and put it on mechanically and hind before. This I ventured to remedy, and he thanked me in feeling tones. "Do you think he will ever come again?" he whispered, eagerly. "He was very angry. He thought they were our own clothes hung out to dry. I showed him the M and the T. But he would pay no attention. It is a dreadful blow."

And it really hurt poor Dornoway-Dicke exceedingly. He had not risen the next morning when I came up to town, and all the family were very much depressed, as though there had been a death in the house. He has been to the club once since, in a more beautiful wig than ever, but of course it can never deceive *me*. I asked, "How are all at home?"

"Pretty well, I thank you," he said; "that is, as well as can be expected. He has never been near the place since."

Of course I knew that by the personal pronoun he meant "the Duke."

NAPOLEONIC MYTHOLOGY ONCE MORE.

THE last order that went out from the British government to South Africa was that there should be a diligent search made for the watch of the late Prince Louis Napoleon. Sir Garnet Wolseley has been ordered to interest himself personally in the matter; Sir Bartle Frere is to cross-examine Cetywayo himself about it. A good many people here are somewhat surprised at this, and even think that it is carrying interest in the unfortunate Prince rather far to set the anxious commanders searching for a watch. The government has not explained. But I have reason to know that the lost treasure which is to be searched for is that Charlemagne relique of which I sent you some account a little time ago. I find that I was misled in the information that it was that famous relique which was found around the otherwise naked body of the Prince. Since Archibald Forbes, who was with the party which found the body of the Prince, returned to this country, I have conversed with him on the subject, and from the shape of the charms and locket suspended about the neck, as described by him, it was plain to me that the famous relique was not among them. On inquiring of Mr. Blanchard, who wrote the biography of the late Emperor, he informed me that the said relique was almost certainly left in the care of the Empress by her son. This, however, appeared very improbable, when it is remembered how solemnly the late Emperor in his will enjoined upon his son not to part from it, but to bear it about him as he had always done—mentioning that he carried it attached to his watch. It now turns out that the Prince did so carry it, and that when the Zulus left the locket and other neck charms (out of superstitious fear), they did not leave the watch or any of its pendants. It is now among them. If it should not be recovered, it will certainly be a curious termination to the career of the most ancient and celebrated relique in Europe.

While adding this correction to my former account of this relique and its fate, about which there is much anxiety among the Bonapartists and in the mind of the ex-Empress, it may not be amiss to remark upon a few similar superstitions to those I previously mentioned. It is a fact not generally known that in some of the remote districts adjacent to the Rhine, both French and German, Napoleon I. has, ever since his death, been added to the long list of distinguished phantoms who repeat the rôle of the Wild Huntsman. The Wild Jäger is a phantasmal form which has carried on his hunt from the Vedic age and clime to the present time and throughout Europe. He may be traced to the tempestuous god Vayu going forth in his storm-chariot, a divine figure still in the time of Zoroaster. His mantle has been worn by Odin, Barbarossa, Nero, the Wandering Jew, Proserpine, Hugh Capet, Gabriel, the Maccabees, and King Arthur. In modern Greece a severe storm with lightning is said to be "Elias in his chariot;" in Russia it is King Vlademir's, in Denmark Waldemar's, hunt. The nearest superstition of the kind to our own time had been that which associated the phantom with Frederick the Great. A violent storm was said to be "Frederick chasing the dwarfs." But W. Mannhardt has discovered that more recently it was said, "Napoleon is chasing the sorcerers." (This was at the time when Heine found the beggars in France begging for sous "in the name of Napoleon," as elsewhere in the name of God.)

It will be observed that this is a very peculiar modification of the ancient superstition. Why should Napoleon chase the sorcerers? I can form no theory but this: During Napoleon's life it was currently believed on the Rhine, and indeed farther away in France, that he was visited at night, while on his campaigns, by "a little red man." This "redness" was a euphemistic hint of the fiery quarters from which the little man came. It meant that Napoleon, in his invasions of Germany, was assisted by one of those infranatural elves or dwarfs against whom the Scandinavian giants were always fighting, and whom the ghost of Frederick was believed to chase. But after Napoleon's defeat, fall, and death it was only a natural conclusion that he had been betrayed by this "sorcerer," and that his ghost hunted its like. How strong this superstition about "the little red man" was may be judged from the fact that the late Emperor Napoleon III. was believed to be similarly visited at midnight by "a little gray man." This visitor was called by many simply "Vieillard." It seems that the only basis for it, beyond that which it had in Napoleonic mythology, was that there was an aged servant who had free access to the late Emperor, and was allowed to enter his presence without announcement.

A faint hint of the psychological basis of all the superstitions which have maintained at one period that famous leaders were not dead, but slumbering in caverns, and destined to return, at another, that their phantoms occasionally appeared for midnight hunts or battles, may be found in the rumor which widely prevailed in France, and to some extent in England, that the late Prince did not die in Zululand at all, that it was another body that was found and buried, and that he would be sure to appear when his imperial destiny called. It is hard for enthusiasts to part from their dream.

Superstitions of this kind do not invest imperial figures alone. Mr. Carlo Pellegrini, a member of the Medici family, now in London, recently expressed to me his belief that when Garibaldi dies it will be found that there is a vast mass of superstitions connected with him—as many as have ever gathered around any Italian saint canonized by the Church. His view is confirmed by some facts communicated by Mannhardt to the *Mélusine*, a French periodical which unfortunately only lived a year. When Garibaldi arrived at Pavia, in 1848, a large number of sick children were brought to him to be touched and healed. The medals which were struck off with his likeness upon them were popularly regarded as potent magical amulets. On one occasion an Englishman was attacked by robbers near Pavia; but when the robbers beheld the Garibaldi amulet around his neck, they fell on their knees and begged his pardon and mercy, through fear, and not the least from patriotism. In 1859, when Garibaldi was in Lombardy, the popular veneration and awe were displayed in such startling forms that the old warrior—a radical heretic in religion as well as politics—resolutely sought solitude. If the Napoleons had their preternatural visitors, so had he, in the popular fancy, and one of less doubtful complexion: a "White Lady" was sometimes seen to issue from his tent, and, having crossed a field, to disappear in a lake. The rationalists of the neighborhood said it was the spectre of his mother, who came to advise and encourage him. A correspondent of the journal *Gazette de la Croix*, in its issue of September 17, 1862, declares that a Calabrian peasant related to him as a fact that when Garibaldi was marching across the mountains, and his soldiers were suffering from thirst, the general fired a cannon at a huge rock, when, lo! straightway there issued a refreshing fountain, of which the whole army drank.

These imaginations of sympathetic enthusiasm, it may be added, had their natural shadow in the region of hatred and fear. This may be seen in Baron Maltzar's *Wallfahrt nach Mekka* (Leipsic, 1865). The baron successfully visited Mecca in the disguise of an Algerian pilgrim. At that time the victorious progress of Garibaldi had extended so far that the neighboring Moslem districts were agitated. The baron overheard sundry conversations about "Kalliwalli," as they called Garibaldi. One asserted that he was a demon, who occasionally visited the earth to trouble mankind; but others declared he was a man, albeit a peculiar man: he was of such horrible appearance that he put his enemies to flight by his mere looks—he had a blood-red beard which reached to the earth; he had long tusks issuing from his mouth, like those of a wild boar; he wore a red shirt, which was dyed daily in blood; his eyes were devouring flames, and his ordinary food was young children.

This was the common opinion of the majority of the pilgrims concerning Garibaldi. And when I recall that grand man, whom I had the happiness of meeting in London, his gentle eye, his noble appearance, his simplicity, equal to his grandeur, and then reflect upon the form in which Baron Maltzar found him conventionalized at Mecca, it raises misgivings about my most cherished fiends in human shape. How can one be certain that his ideal Nero, his Borgia, the very ogres of his infant horror, may not have been all good-hearted fellows who have got deformed by transmission through many Meccas? This kind of thing would, as Shakspeare says, "make a moral of the devil himself," though in a more direct sense.

In conclusion, the reader may be reminded to observe that these modern myths are never original. They travel in certain lines, however invisible, by a necessity as definite as that which determines the formation of words. They are impalpable rivers that stream on in their courses. The little red man, the little gray man, the chaser of dwarfs or of sorcerers, the white lady, the evoker of fountains, the long, blood-red-bearded cannibal, are not new types, but phantasms of immemorial antiquity. All of them are traceable until they resolve themselves into cloud and lightning, drought and desert, volcano and boiling spring, mist and moonshine, as they wove their subtle weft on the loom of primitive ignorance with the shuttle of fear.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

A BLADE OF STRAW.

THE straw manufacture owes its introduction into England to Mary Queen of Scots, who on quitting France was so struck with the making of straw plait by the women and children of Lorraine that she persuaded a little colony of these folk to come over to England with her, in the hope that our peasantry might be able to learn the art, and support themselves, instead of wintering on alms. From their arrival in 1561 the poor plaiters had but sorry times, until James I. took the colony under his protection, and planted them in the Luton district, where thousands are now engaged in this great industry. No trace of the origin of the straw-plait industry remains in the nomenclature of the modern inhabitants. From that date until now the trade has centred and flourished in the Dunstable and Luton district. But the visitor who may chance to alight at Luton in hope of seeing something of the pretty industry of that uninviting town is likely to be grievously disappointed. Nearly all the straw-plaiting is done in the villages of the district. No doubt the appearance of the country has vastly changed since royal patrons watched the nimble fingers at work three hundred years ago, but the process is now as of old. A stroll through these modernized villages, when the laborer's wife and girls are taking their summer evening ease, gracefully grouped around the cottage porch in apparently careless mood, albeit deftly fingering the golden straws which seem to blend without effort into glistening bands—such a sight as this repays curiosity, and reconciles one to the unpicturesque region where the straws are changed for the very prosaic gold of commerce. Let us trace a blade of straw from the wheat field to the show-room. It must have special qualities before the various polite attentions of plaiter and sewer are bestowed upon it. The best wheat produces the fittest straw for this manufacture. Other straws are discolored and unworkable. Wheat is especially grown in Beds, Herts, and Bucks, and a little in Essex, but the bulk is produced in the first-named county. When ready for cutting, which is a critical operation, the primitive sickle is thrust in, and the golden grain falls as in the old if not good days of Queen Mary. The farmer sheaves and stacks his crop with special care, as rough handling would damage the straw as effectually as machine mowers and threshers. Light soil with plenty of silex gives a suppleness and purity which are the value of the article. The factor bargains with the farmer as in other transactions; but it tends to deteriorate the straw if kept overlong in stack. The purchaser employs men to "draw" the straws from each sheaf, which is done without bending them, a handful at a time, when the heads with the grain are cut off, and are utilized in the ordinary way. The straws are then cut at the knots into eight or nine inch lengths by boys, and the miniature sheaves thus formed, after being sorted into thicknesses, find their way, directly or indirectly, through the plait market, into the hands of the plaiters.

As already observed, nearly all the plaiting is done by villagers at their own homes. Until the introduction of the Education Act, nine years ago, children used to be largely employed in plaiting from very early age. At the visit of the Prince of Wales to Luton, in December, 1878, there were in one of the chief warehouses inspected four girls, from four to eight years old, manipulating the straws in most effective fashion, illustrating in an interesting way the fitness of such work for children. The adult plaiters of to-day were taught their art in the plait schools for infants which used to flourish under the guidance of dames who thought more of proficiency with the fingers than with the head. For four or six cents per week the wee folk were taught to twist straw into almost every pattern, until their touch became as delicate as that of the blind. Up to the beginning of this century all the hats and bonnets were made of whole straws—a comparatively easy operation. About 1815 splitting had become general, done by a little apparatus originally invented by some French prisoners then in England, consisting of a point which enters the end of each straw. From this point radiate four or six little blades, on which the straw is pressed until split into ribbons. Whole straw is now chiefly used up in the coarser kind of hats, with occasional exceptions of fancy garden hats, of which the newest design is made in straws dyed red, white, and blue.

Leaving for the moment the consideration of the present state of the plaiting industry, we return to the straw now in the hand of some village operative. The work of plaiting is an eminently agreeable pastime in itself. Less fatiguing than many domestic occupations, it promotes habits of cleanliness and neatness in the worker. It can be carried on either in-doors or while strolling along the green lanes. The process appears simple in the extreme, though demanding rare dexterity. The plaiting is done not toward the worker, but from her, only one straw being introduced at a time, the projecting ends being trimmed off afterward. The plait thus finished, in yard lengths, is either taken by the maker to the market at Luton, or more frequently is collected by a middleman, who drives through the village in the interval between the weekly markets. In past years the earnings of plaiters were larger than they now are, for reasons to be presently noticed, the average earnings to-day being from twenty-five to fifty cents per week for young girls, and from $1 25 to $1 87 for women. A rough calculation was made a few years ago, which is a better gauge than if made in the present depressed state of agriculture, showing that a hundred-weight of straw was worth about seventy-five cents. This produced forty pounds of plaiting straws, worth from $2 to $4 50, according to quality. These in turn would produce about eighteen pounds weight of plait, worth from $1 75 up to $5, according to fineness and pattern, the made-up hats and bonnets fetching from $3 75 to $12 50.

The next stage of the plait is that in which it is sewn into bonnets and hats. This is done by the large Luton warehousemen on their premises, where the various interesting operations were witnessed by the Prince and party. Women of all ages sit at tables in a spacious room, attired in white bibs or pinafores, like abnormal infants. These commence a bonnet by forming the "button" in the centre of the crown, and stitch, by hand or machine, the plait round and round until, by shaping it on the wooden or plaster blocks before them, the article is completed. It is then taken to the "stiffening-room," where women sponge it with gelatine, after which it is dried, and ironed into final shapeliness by men, when the last touches of the "finisher" fit it for wear. The less extensive firms order what shape and material they require from persons who buy plait and then "sew" and "finish" it in their own homes; and a great proportion of the trade is carried on by this domestic class of operative. The average earnings of the sewers is now only from $3 to $3 75 per week. It is computed that of the twenty thousand inhabitants of Luton two-ninths are directly occupied in the straw-plait industry. The plait halls are spacious markets, wherein the exchange of merchandise is carried on every Monday morning. Business commences at nine, and is over in two or three hours, during which time some two or three thousand buyers and sellers manage to transact a huge business, ranging from wholesale purchase for export to petty haggling with the poor village women who hawk the result of a week's plait-work.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"'Tis said that absence conquers love,'" quoted a husband, in writing home to his wife, from whom he had been some time away; "I hope, dear, it won't be so in your case." "Oh no," she replied, in her next letter; "the longer you stay away, the better I shall like you."

SCOTCH FOLK-LORE.

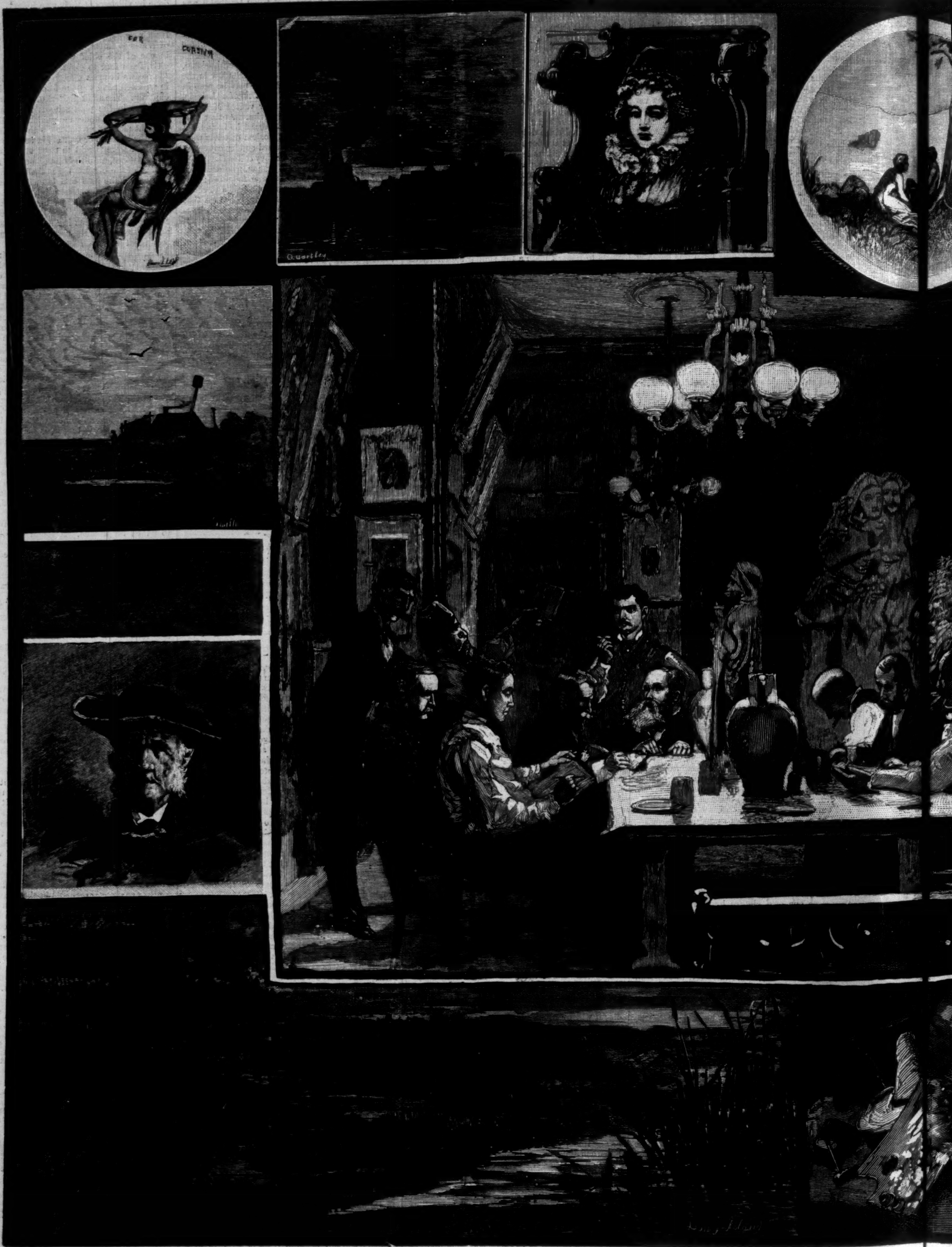
OLD LADY. "I dinna ken what ails folk that folk canna like folk as folk should like folk; for an folk liked folk as folk should like folk, folk would like folk as well as folk ever liked folk sin' folk war folk."

"Mr. Smith, you said you once officiated in the pulpit—did you mean by that that you preached?" "No, sir; I held the light to the man that did preach." "Ah! the Court understood you differently. It supposed that the discourse came directly from you." "No, sir; I only threw a light upon it."

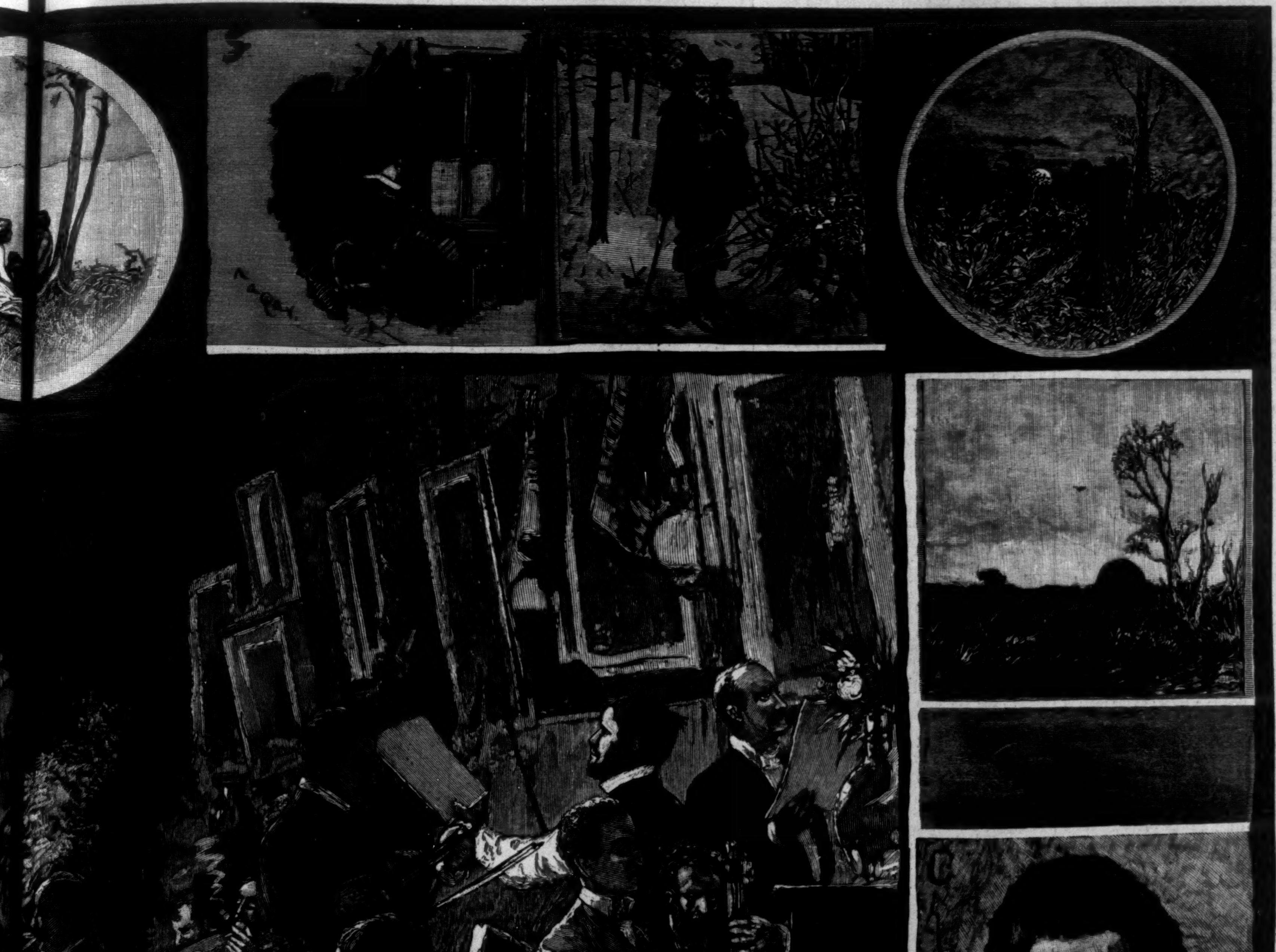
"Henry," she said, "you don't know what a soothing influence you have on me." "My darling!" he whispered, softly, while a glad light came into his eyes, "can it be so?" "Yes," she said; "when you are here I always feel inclined to sleep."

He sued for her hand before marriage, and her hand sewed for him after.

A young man rode ten miles in a railway car with a pretty girl one moonlight night, with the intention of popping the question, but all he ventured to say was, "It is quite moony to-night." "Yes," she replied, "muchly;" and there wasn't another word said.


FOR
CORINNA
Quartley

THE TILE CLUB AT WORK.—Draw



Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 75.]

THE GREAT ATTRACTION.

A YOUNG BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

OH, charming Kitty, fair art thou,
Fair as a rose in June;
Thy hair like braided sunshine is,
Thy voice a pleasant tune.
But 'tis not for thy Beauty, sweet,
I lay my heart beneath thy feet—
Not for thy Beauty, sweet.

But thou art wise and witty too;
Thy little tongue can say
The shrewdest and the sweetest things
In such a pleasant way.
But 'tis not for thy Wisdom, sweet,
I lay my heart beneath thy feet—
Not for thy Wisdom, sweet.

And thou canst sing and dance and paint,
And chatter French and Greek,
And to the poet, priest, and sage
In his own way canst speak.
But 'tis not for thy Learning, sweet,
I lay my heart beneath thy feet—
Not for thy Learning, sweet.

Thou art so amiable and true,
Thy temper is so mild,
So humble and obedient too,
Love guides thee like a child.
But not for thy good Temper, sweet,
I lay my heart beneath thy feet—
Not for thy Temper, sweet.

Not for thy Beauty or thy Youth,
Nor for thy Heart's rich store,
Not for thy sunny Temper's truth,
Thy Wisdom, Wit, or Lore,
I love thee, sweet: such things are trash:
I love thy hundred thousand Cash—
Thy $100,000 Cash!

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "AT HER MERCY," "BRED IN THE BONE," "BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK," "WALTER'S WORD," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "HIGH SPIRITS," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

MADGE.

WE have said that in a corner of the room in which Matthew Helston was now left alone there stood a something covered with a white cloth which looked like a child's coffin. It was not so in reality, yet it was, in a sense, the grave of a parent's hope. Matthew now rose and lifted the cloth, disclosing the model of a six-wheeled locomotive. It was a neat and beautiful engine, perfect, even to the professional eye, in all its parts and fittings; but it was not a steam-engine. There were certain novel appliances connected with it—not wings, but valves, which opened and closed somewhat like wings, and by aid of which, in connection with internal mechanism, the external air was constituted the motive power. It was not what is known as the pneumatic system, though it was undoubtedly an application of it, and though Uncle Stephen had ascribed his nephew's depression, when it failed, to "pneumonia." For, to confess the truth, "Magdeburg"—for that such was its name the inscription which runs along its side in raised and shining metal, just as though it were a real engine, informs us—was not a success. Time was when great hopes had been entertained of it, when it was familiarly and even affectionately termed "Mag," and even "Madge," by the members of the little household in Cavendish Grove; and when the author of its being had been "wrapped up in it," as only mothers are in their babes. Nay, as a mother pores and hangs over her dead babe, giving more of love to its inanimate dust than some men have to give to their dearest and nearest in their lifetimes, so now Matthew Helston regarded with reverent and pitiful eyes his motionless mechanical offspring. It was dead, and would never come to life, he knew; all delusions were at an end, or nearly so, upon that score; but how long they had lasted, and how implicitly he had trusted in them! His face was grave and sad enough, but gentle withal; his was not the case of one whose only son has disappointed expectation, and died a ne'er-do-well; Matthew had nobody to blame for what had happened but himself; and innocent "Madge" was still dear to him. It may seem a foolish thing to many that he should thus worship this poor idol of brass and copper; for to some, alas! the very faculty of worship is denied, and to others toil and thought and ambition—let alone the ecstatic aspiration of leaving the world richer than we found it—are words without a meaning. But the poet, the creator, the inventor, will understand something of Matthew Helston's feelings, though not all. For Madge had not only cost him time and trouble, sleepless nights and laborious days, and his inheritance—for he had sacrificed at her shrine all that—but he had led others to believe in her divinity to their serious cost. The very sight of Madge (and he could not help thus contemplating her, though conscious of his weakness: he had reminded Sabey, in order to dispel her suspicion on that score, that he had the new poem to finish) awoke in him a host of memories. He remembered himself as a child for whom picture-books had no attractions, but whose toys were tools, boats of his own carving, magnets, pieces of old iron that he would hammer out into knives, or saws, or pike-heads; then, later on, how he loathed his school-books, save those which dealt with figures, calculations, and machinery. Every one had said that he was a born mathematical genius, and, what was more, he had believed them. There is an idea abroad, born of a certain pestilent, half goody-goody, half look-to-the-main-chance class of literature, that the human will is omnipotent; that if we only believe in ourselves, and work hard enough, and keep our end steadily in view, we must needs attain it. In a word, that self-confidence with assiduity can, like faith, move very mountains—which is false. It may just as well be averred that dogmatism is synonymous with truth.

Roger Helston, the lawyer of Latbury, Matthew's paternal uncle and guardian, had thought differently—though by no means philosophically—about this matter.

"If you imagine I am going to let you be a civil engineer, as you call it," he had said to his nephew, "when my own business" (he was a country attorney in the Midlands) "lies ready to your hand, you are much mistaken. I am not the man to pay three hundred pounds of premium in order that you may lie on your back and hold a tallow candle while another man is hammering nails into a ship's bottom." Such was his view of the advantages of education in the practical mathematics. "Nor am I going to leave my money—though you *are* my brother's son—to one who will waste it in researches after the perpetual motion or the philosopher's stone. You may just as well take to Poetry at once, and—and—hang yourself."

Matthew only hung his head at this, and affected submission. Nay, he did submit, after a fashion, and pursued his legal studies, against the grain, till the time came for his being articled—when another battle royal took place. Madge was then something more than in embryo, and destined to revolutionize science, as well as considerably to annihilate time and space. But Roger Helston did not believe in her.

"That model of yours, my lad," said he, not unkindly, but with that positiveness (far beyond anything dreamed of by M. Auguste Comte) that belongs to a long but somewhat dense head, and the consciousness of power over the purse-strings, "would be your ruin if I let you have your own way. There was something else you set your heart on awhile ago, I am given to understand, which has turned out contrary to expectation." The young man grew scarlet.

"There is no need to dwell upon it," continued Uncle Roger, "since you have found your mistake out for yourself, it seems; but I will only say that, ill-judged as your conduct was in that case, no worse harm could have come to you than may accrue from your misplaced love of cogs and wheels. And look you," here he struck his hand upon the table, "I will have none of them in my office. The law does not brook a divided allegiance. I know which way your wishes run, of course; and you are free to act upon them. Your Uncle Stephen, as I hear, has been helping to make a fool of you by praising your mathematical talents: I am not sure that his praise is worth much; he is in no better case now, at all events, since he came into the world near three-quarters of a century ago, which doesn't look well for his gumption; but if you choose to take your pigs to that market, take them. Only remember that, in that event, this door is closed to you for good and all."

And Uncle Roger buttoned his breeches pockets.

In this case, too, though the struggle had been sharper within him than on the last occasion, Matthew Helston had given in. But though he did not take his cogs and wheels to his desk in a material sense, he took them with him in his head, where they clicked and whirled to the great detriment of his legal studies, while all his leisure time was given to the development and perfection of Madge, till she found a rival, not in Themis, but in Isabel Thurlow.

This young lady was the daughter of a neighboring clergyman, the possessor of a good living, and a great social favorite in the county, but who had the bad taste, when he wanted legal advice, to apply to another solicitor than Mr. Roger Helston. This was wormwood to that gentleman, and in consequence he rather encouraged his nephew's attentions to Miss Thurlow than otherwise—because they were dipleasing to her father. Roger Helston was as much of a radical as a country attorney who has dealings with the landed aristocracy dares to be; and he asked himself (in private) who was Canon Thurlow of Tarlton that he should set himself up, and despise young Matthew, the nephew of as good a man as himself, and a very much "warmer" one; and who had among other valuable effects the next presentation to Tarlton Rectory in his strong-box. Mr. Thurlow died very suddenly, and this piece of property became unexpectedly valuable; but the canon himself, who had lived like a wealthy member of the Church militant (old Roger said like a fighting-cock), left little besides his two pretty daughters behind him.

This behavior, in one, too, who had given himself such airs of superiority, was greatly resented by the attorney, who made it a text to preach from against pride, extravagance, and that conduct which is unfavorably compared in Holy Writ with that of the infidel: and he did so purposely in his nephew's presence. Matthew held his tongue till, from abuse of the dead rector, his uncle slid into expressions of contemptuous pity for those whom he had left well-nigh destitute, when he quietly answered, "You must please to remember, uncle, that Sabey Thurlow has promised to be my wife."

Then ensued the Deluge. Did Matthew think that because two negatives made in some tongues an affirmative, two paupers by uniting in marriage could make a subsistence? Roger railed, in fact, against his nephew with all the vehemence inspired by the knowlede of being in the wrong, and the determination to have his own way.

"When you thought Mr. Thurlow was a rich man, uncle," was Matthew's calm reply, "you consented to my wooing his daughter; and now that I have won her, is it possible that because he has turned out to be poor, you would have me break my word?"

A question not to be answered categorically, and which only added fuel to flame.

"Don't talk to me, sir, about your word," he broke forth; and then, with some want of consistency, "if you do not promise me to give her up—to have nothing to do with her and beggary from this moment—you shall never darken my doors again. You have a thousand pounds of your own, all you have in the world, invested in my business: perhaps you would like a check for it at once."

"If it is quite convenient," said Matthew, who had inherited with that inconsiderable fortune no little of the family determination, "I will take that check."

Uncle Roger seized a pen, and with trembling fingers wrote out the desired document, in exchange for his nephew's release, which was given in a very clerkly hand, for the indignation of the younger man was of the white, and not the glowing sort.

"Now, for all I care, you might have married the other," roared Roger Helston; "and, mind you, considering the way that this one has been brought up, I should not wonder if she turned out just as bad—"

"Sir!"

The old lawyer fairly quailed before the righteous indignation of his clerk and nephew; he dropped that subject at once, and with a much less effective display of wrath than he had designed, bade him leave the house and never set foot in it again.

"You may depend upon it, sir, that I never shall," answered Matthew, grimly, and stepped out with a firm foot into poverty and exile.

He had Sabey to comfort him, which for the present was solace enough; and he had Madge for his sheet-anchor in the unfathomed ocean of life before him.

As Roger Helston had hinted, there was another believer in Madge and Matthew besides the two Thurlow girls—who with this exception were the only members of the faith—in the person of Stephen Durham, Matthew's maternal uncle. This gentleman had in early life succeeded to a small patrimony, producing a few hundreds a year, which, as Roger said, had become no better for keeping.

Without claim to be called a great scholar, he was a student who had given his mind to almost everything save making money. He was by nature of a genial disposition, but for reasons of his own had remained a bachelor—a circumstance which in course of time had borne its usual fruit in rendering him somewhat reserved and cynical. He had, in fact, interested himself in little beyond his books, until a few years ago, when he had paid a visit to Latbury, and renewed his acquaintance with his sister's child for the first time since her death.

He was his only nephew, and it was pretty well understood that Mr. Durham had gone down on what was for him quite a business expedition, namely, to make up his mind whether he should make the lad his heir, or, finding him altogether contrary to his tastes, should leave his money to the "Resuscitation Club," or other society for republishing works which the world, if left to itself, would have very willingly let die.

To do Roger Helston justice, he had played the host to his connection by marriage as graciously as nature permitted him, and had stood in no way between the young fellow and his expectations: but he was secretly far from pleased that Uncle Stephen and their common nephew had cottoned to one another so cordially. He himself liked Matthew after his own fashion, and was very unwilling that he should look to any one else for help in the world; and the friendship that sprang up between the lad and his other relative had not a little to do, perhaps, with his subsequent harsh treatment of his nephew. In gaining one friend, in short, Matthew had lost the other, and by far the more powerful one; but then he felt that the one he had gained was a friend indeed, and not to be estimated by the mere benefits he had in his power to confer upon him.

Matthew's studious and thoughtful ways, and even the slow speech and manner that in Latbury circles were held to be "old-fashioned," were very much to Uncle Stephen's taste; and in return for a genuine show of affection, which was very rare with him, he completely won the confidence of the lad. The eagerness with which he explained the merits of Madge, and the devotion that he manifested to mathematical pursuits, also greatly took his fancy; and in the end he became a complete convert to Matthew's views. He looked on the young fellow as a born genius, planted in an unkindly soil, and held out such hopes of assistance, in case he should decide to follow his own bent, as no doubt helped to make his subsequent attitude to Uncle Roger more independent. Moreover, having by a fortunate chance met the two Misses Thurlow, on more than one of their shopping expeditions into Latbury, he had expressed himself in the highest terms of them. "You can't go wrong, Matt," he had said, "whichever you marry; and I only regret that the institutions of the country—in their present imperfect and undeveloped state—forbid your marrying them both."

Uncle Stephen was a humorous old fellow, but chivalrous withal, and when, after that final quarrel between the lawyer and his nephew, the latter wrote to him at length, explaining what had happened, and his own crude plans for the future, he became his partisan at once.

"Do not breathe the same air with your uncle Roger," he wrote, "one moment longer than is necessary. It must be poisonous to all honest men. Keep your word with Sabey, and then bring her and Amy and Madge up to town at once. There is room in Cavendish Grove (with a little squeezing) for all four of you; and you will find a hearty welcome, at all events for the present. Miss Amy's educational aspirations do her infinite honor, only I fear she will help to make the rising generation still more unbearable: they are already too clever by half."

It was not Uncle Stephen's way to act on impulse, which was the very cause perhaps of this very generous and expansive invitation; until he had met with Matthew, he had never felt the paternal instinct, and after seventy years of abstinence his appetite was proportionately large. The time that remained to him would necessarily be short, and he had a mind to pass it amongst loving faces: here were children to his hand, and after his own heart, and he would surround himself with them. As to the expense, he had no great superfluity of means, but he was confident—for though he had lived in the world so long, he knew but little of it—that Matthew's talents would soon win a fortune for their possessor.

Of course the young fellow was overwhelmed with gratitude, as indeed they all were. But Sabey had grave doubts: was it wise that she should encumber her lover with a wife while he had still his way to make in the world? It was certainly not very wise, but her doubts melted like snow at the touch of his lips. She could not say "No," when they and his only friend united in saying "Yes."

Amy's consent to Uncle Stephen's proposal was not so easily won.

"Mr. Durham is not *my* uncle, Sabey, though he is about to become yours. How can I accept so great a benefit at the hands of a stranger?"

"But you can't live alone when I am married to Matt," urged Sabey.

"Uncle Stephen told me he wished he only had a daughter like you," said Matthew. "He called you a Sunbeam, and I have heard him complain that Cavendish Grove is 'sombre.'"

"Then in London you will have so much better chances of attending classes, and going in for your proposed calling," continued Sabey.

"But the obligation," persisted Amy, "is so excessive."

"Still it is only temporary: he says, you see, 'for the present,'" argued Matthew. "In a year or two at most, I hope, Madge will set me on my own legs; and whether then or now, I suppose you won't mind being under obligation to *me*, or rather Sabey. We will offer to pay your board and lodging for you to Uncle Stephen—though I believe it will give him a fit."

In the end, as we know, Amy was persuaded, and went, and was by this time, thanks to her own exertions, no longer a burden to her kind host. But, alas! it had not been so with her brother-in-law.

Of all Uncle Stephen's guests, Madge, the inanimate one, had turned out the most expensive. Never had a model five feet by four cost so much money. The money, of course, was not spent literally on herself; for in that case she might have been of pure gold. But she was the indirect cause of its expenditure. Her fuel, so to speak, had almost literally consisted of bank-notes. She had figured in the Patent-office, in a law court (unhappily not the Divorce Court), and in a Company (Limited), by no means of a convivial kind. There is no need to draw her frailties from their dread abode in detail. Suffice it to say that while still in embryo Uncle Stephen had advanced money on her behalf in all directions—and she was in embryo still. Her good qualities were admitted; she was one of the greatest discoveries of the age; her principle was real and of the most admirable description; she worked to perfection when there was somebody pushing her behind; but of herself she was incapable of advancing an inch, which—in a locomotive—is fatal.

It was on this Moloch of a model—so fine and shining, and in such perfect repair that you would never have guessed it to be the wreck of his dead hopes—that Matthew Helston was now looking, after Uncle Stephen had taken his bed candle and gone to rest. That it was a painful spectacle to him was certain, yet with his grave looks was mingled a certain piteous tenderness.

> "Disinter no dead regret,
> Bring no Past to life again,"

is excellent advice, if we could but follow it: but which of us can do so? Matthew had promised to forget Madge, and all about her; it was understood that he was not to lift the decent cloth that covered her, and was her pall. She was dead, he knew; nay, no life had ever been in her. And yet what a little breath—the merest sign—of life, real life, would have sufficed for her existence! If only he could strike out that Promethean spark for her, which always glimmered in his mind, Fame and Fortune would be his—nay, more, his Faith would be justified. For though Uncle Stephen and Amy, and even his beloved Sabey, had given up all faith in Madge, he in his secret heart had still some faith, though it was indeed but as a grain of mustard seed.

For the rest, as his uncle had hinted, his studies, his work, his knowledge, had not been utterly thrown away; by help of them, and through the strong recommendation of Mr. Durham (a man well known in scientific and archæological circles), he had obtained, before his little capital of a thousand pounds had quite melted away, an appointment as confidential agent to Messrs. Star & Signet, jewellers; and at their house of business, in Paulet Street, he gained his livelihood. The employment was distasteful to him—worse even than toiling in his uncle Roger's office, for there were certain humiliations in connection with his present work; but at any rate it was better than eating the bread of dependence, leavened though it was by Uncle Stephen's love.

But Matthew Helston, though still in youth, was an unhappy, disappointed man; and his mind, when not fixed upon that glimmer of the Promethean spark, was ever brooding over a vague sense of wrong.

He stands now motionless, statue-like, lifeless, save for a deep-drawn sigh or two, as he had stood often before, but rarely for so long a time, till presently from the silent street there comes a far-off rattle of wheels. He replaces the cloth over the model, and takes from a secret drawer a six-barrelled revolver. He looks to it carefully, not as a sportsman at his gun, but rather as a workman at some trusty tool; he sees that all the chambers are, as he always leaves them, loaded, and that none of the caps are missing. Then he places it in an inner pocket, and puts on a great-coat; for he is summoned forth, and the dawn is breaking, and the air is chill.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TILE CLUB.

It is only within a comparatively recent period that the class more intimately concerned in the art growth of New York has acquired such proportions and such a distinctive character as to naturally separate itself, and assume the aspect of a defined fraternity. In older communities the student class is as much apart from the rest as if it used a different tongue, enjoyed special privileges, and conformed to exceptional social regulations. Among us individual recognition in the arts has entailed little of social or class distinction, and the gregarious instinct has been remarkably slow of development. Artists generally obtained their preferment singly, and without any reference to a common purpose, and, in fact, to-day most of the older men remain very much apart, and only come together upon the rare and infrequent footing of the National Academy, or of clubs that are not identified with art specially.

The term student class does not apply merely to art pupils, but includes the practical workers of all grades and of all degrees of proficiency. Such a number of young men have returned here from the ateliers and schools of Europe, bringing with them the tastes, habits, and sympathies there acquired, that association has ensued, and social relations have been set up of a kind heretofore unknown. Older men have been naturally drawn into it, as was inevitable once the leaven made itself apparent in the mass, while the younger students, gravitating each year in numbers to New York as an art centre, are at once absorbed.

The result is that we have to-day a large and rapidly growing fraternity, whose purposes, habits, social methods, and individual pursuits more or less segregate it, and impart to it a distinct and peculiar character. The art student in New York may be a pupil struggling for existence, or an artist of established reputation. Each wears the common badge of the class, and is no longer isolated from his fellow-workers as formerly. This community of purpose and sense of fraternity has resulted in greater independence of thought and action, in the growth of distinct ideas and theories, and in a quality of discussion and practice that leads to the development of distinctive character or style. In such character and style is the germ of the future School, since at present we have no school, nor even the foreshadowing of one, nor, so far in the history of art in America, has there been at any time a school possible. Whereby the writer would be understood as construing school to be a style begotten from community and fertilization of ideas, which arrive commonly at their highest expression in the work of an individual, from whom subsequently the school is known, and to whom, also, the creation of it is like to be ascribed when cause is obscured in effect.

But apart from such abstract considerations of the remarkable growth of the art interest—considerations naturally to be suspected of possessing a value that is merely empirical—there are many interesting features of it that probably escape general notice. Not the least of these is the formation of social groups animated by fairly defined purposes, and largely sought as the occasions of useful discussion and class recreation. These have largely promoted the art enterprise and ambition of the men composing them, and stimulated them to wholesome emulation. Informal associations of art students meet night after night, showing, too, a marked German tendency in their incidental relaxations, and there is no thought among them that does not relate directly to their every-day work. Nothing else concerns them, and events social and political are completely ignored. This constant attrition and uninterrupted absorption is rapidly producing results, of which the evidence is to be discovered in improved work and in the independent quality of it.

There are other associations that are more formal, and that assume the aspects of organized societies with distinguishing characteristics either as to the class of work affected by the members, or some particular direction of their sympathies. It might be intimated, for instance, that there were well-defined coteries with a decided leaning in the direction of Munich, and others possessed of perhaps a slight prejudice, if not against Munich, at least strongly in favor of the art of some other place. Members of the National Academy have been heard to say that these men are agreed only upon two points—their condemnation of the National Academy, and their ambition to get into it. This, however, is obviously a slander upon the younger men, who never fail, in alluding to it, to express the opinion that it could only have originated with an Academician.

There is one association, however, which happily combines a number of these mildly conflicting interests, and assumes for itself a singularly felicitous and successful constitution. It is known as the Tile Club. It is an organization without an organization. It has twelve members, who are indiscriminately Academicians and the reverse, and five others who are musicians. It has no officers, no rules and regulations, and no dues. It meets, during the season, upon Wednesday evenings in the atelier of one of its members, and its proceedings upon these occasions are perhaps of some interest as disclosing an aspect of New York student life to which access is not commonly had.

The Tile Club was formed in 1867, in consequence of a sort of decorative craze that took possession of a number of otherwise worthy artists. A few of them agreed to meet once a week in each others' studios and paint Spanish tiles in vitrifiable colors, the same to be devoted to such decorative uses as occasion might reveal. There was probably some latent expectation of a studio chimney-piece, or a bit of mural decoration, but at any rate tiles were painted with unfailing assiduity and variously gratifying results. Each took an evening in turn, supplying the studio, the tiles, the colors, the brushes, the rags, the turpentine, and last, but not least, the pipes and beer, and receiving in return the tiles that were painted. The idea took amazingly, the meetings were well attended, and the enterprise finally resolved itself into a permanent membership of twelve. Music very naturally came to add to the variety of the evenings, and from among the many musical friends who were glad to drop in for the sake of the pleasant association, and then to contribute thereto, there were five who so identified themselves with its purposes and aspirations that the club adopted them as its property—a condition of agreeable bondage from which they have evinced no disposition to escape.

This membership underwent a process of natural selection from various causes during the period that has elapsed since the club was formed, but the changes that occurred were, after all, slight, and it remains in general character nearly as it was when it began.

During the winter of 1878–79 the club became conscious of a plethora of tiles. Even the most sanguine member could not convince himself that he should ever become possessed of a sufficient amount of household space to use up his decorative material, and a change was decided upon. Plaques were substituted for tiles, and a more liberal method of treatment was adopted, and when the summer of 1879 arrived, every member was heavily long of keramics. It is more than suspected that good-natured friends received several peculiar presents about this time.

There were, however, no pleasanter evenings in artistic circles in New York during that season than the Wednesday nights of the Tile Club, and the circle that gathered in the commodious and handsome atelier to which they resorted on Union Square had a very agreeable experience. There were a great many guests, and the artists who were not members nearly always sat down and contributed a plaque for the benefit of the host of the evening. The music, too, was particularly interesting, and was by no means confined to the musical members, almost every occasion revealing some visitor of note in the musical world who was only too happy to yield to the prevailing influence of the occasion, and assist.

In 1878 the club made an excursion to Long Island, of which it published an entertaining account, written by two of its members who are addicted to literature, and embellished with new and interesting sketches by the different members. An amazing amount of artistic material was gained among the picturesque hamlets and wild beaches of the island, and numbers of artists have since gone there to spend the summer in the study of Long Island landscape, of which many pleasant examples have from time to time enriched the pages of *Harper's Magazine*. The excursion of 1879 was a more serious affair, and was made by water. A canal-boat was chartered for three weeks, furnished and decorated in the handsomest manner imaginable, amply supplied with good things in the charge of an excellent cook and his assistants, and the Tile Club embarked and went off up the Hudson as far as Troy, and thence northward, by way of the Northern Canal, to Lake Champlain. There never was such an expedition before, nor ever any that yielded such rich artistic returns, or that from every point of view was so thoroughly enjoyable. Nothing could have been more delightful than the experience that it conferred, and the club will doubtless furnish an account of it in its own way in due season.

The engraving that is given on our double page is from the pencil of a member of the club who has long been a favorite with the readers of the illustrated publications of the Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS. It discloses the club as it appears on one of its Wednesday evenings in Union Square, and needs little further explanation. The likenesses are excellent, and will be easily recognized by the many friends of the club; and the artist has set around his drawing in a decorative fashion examples of the work of some ten of the members, which in some sort serve to indicate the character of what is done each evening. They consist of tiles, plaques, and sketches, the two of the last-named at the lower corners being commemorative of the two expeditions just described.

WILD ANIMALS IN INDIA.

A WRITER in the *Cornhill Magazine*, reviewing the many good works done by the English for the people of India, notes, among other things, the almost total extermination of wild animals in that country.

As the rural communities relinquished their hamlets, and drew closer together toward the centre of a district, he says, the wild beasts pressed hungrily on their rear. In vain the East India Company offered a reward for each tiger's head sufficient to maintain a peasant's family in comfort for three months—an item of outlay which the English officers deemed so important that when, in the financial crisis of 1790–91, the Treasury had to suspend all payments, it made the tiger money and diet allowance for prisoners the sole exceptions to the rule. In vain it spent the whole land revenue of a frontier district in rewards for killing wild beasts. A belt of jungle filled with ferocious animals lay for years around the cultivated land. The official records frequently speak of the mail-bag being carried off by tigers, and the custom of the mail-runners carrying jangling rings or bells to scare away the wild beasts survived to our own day. Lord Cornwallis, in 1789, had to sanction a grant of public money to free the military road from the depredations of these animals.

The ravages of the wild elephants were on a larger scale, and their extermination formed one of the most important duties of the British officers after the country passed under English rule. Tigers, leopards, and wolves slew their thousands of men and their hundreds of thousands of cattle. But the herd of wild elephants was absolutely resistless, lifting off roofs, pushing down walls, trampling a village under foot as if it were a city of sand which a child had built upon the shore. In two parishes alone, during the last few years of the native administration, fifty-six hamlets with their surrounding lands "had all been destroyed and gone to jungle, caused by the depredations of wild elephants." Another official return states that forty market villages throughout Bírbhúm district had been deserted from the same cause. Large reductions had to be made in the land tax, and the East India Company borrowed tame elephants from the native Viceroy's stud in order to catch the wild ones. "I had ocular proof on my journey," writes an English officer in 1791, "of their ravages. The poor timid native ties his cot in a tree, to which he retires when the elephants approach, and silently views the destruction of his cottage and the whole profits of his labor." "One night," writes an English surveyor in 1810, "although I had a guard, the men of the village close to my tent retired to the trees, and the women hid themselves among the cattle, leaving their huts a prey to the elephants, which know very well where to look for grain. Two nights before, some of them had unroofed a hut in the village, and had eaten up all the grain which a poor family possessed." "Most fortunately for the population of the country," wrote the greatest elephant-hunter of the last century, "they delight in the sequestered range of the mountains; if they preferred the plains, whole kingdoms would be laid waste."

All this is now changed. One of the complaints of the modern Englishman in India is that he can so seldom get a shot at a tiger. Wolves are dying out in many provinces; the ancient Indian lion has disappeared. The wild elephant is so rare that he is specially protected by the government, and in most parts of India he can only be caught by official license or under official supervision. Many districts have petitioned for a close season, so as to preserve the edible game still remaining. The only animal that has defied the energy of the British official is the snake. One may, however, judge of the loss of life by wild beasts in the last century from the deaths caused by this, their chief survivor, at the present day. The ascertained number of persons who died from snake-bite in 1875 was 17,000, out of a total of 21,391 killed by snakes and all other wild animals. The deaths from wild beasts in the last century were probably not under 150,000 a year.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Ute delegation, twelve in number, that recently arrived in Washington, includes representatives of the four Ute tribes. As their examination by the Secretary of the Interior and the Committee on Indian Affairs brings them prominently before the public, it may be a matter of interest to identify them by name. Ouray, of course, is well known by name, and he brings with him Chipita, his wife, who has shown her friendship for the whites on more than one occasion. Wash is an under-chief, in charge of the Indians; Alhandra, Galota, Joc-Nick, and Lieblo represent the Uncompahgres. Of the White River Utes there are Captain Jack (a war chief), Sa-Wa-Wic, and Unca-Sam; Ta-Pouche, chief of the Capotes, and Augustine, chief of the Weminuche tribe. We give the names as they were reported on the arrival of the delegation at Chicago. These Indians went to Washington as volunteer representatives of their tribes, and none of them are believed to have had anything to do with the massacre and violence which took place at White River.

Ouray appears to be not only friendly to the white man, and desirous to have present difficulties peaceably adjusted, but he is evidently a shrewd chief. It is reported that when, in a conversation at Washington, the Secretary of the Interior mentioned as a condition of peace the delivering up of the murderers of Mr. Meeker, Ouray replied: "That is a very funny thing to ask of me. How can I give them up? Why do you hold my tribe responsible for what those men did? We are Uncompahgres; they are White River Utes, and not under my immediate control. If a murder were committed here in Washington, would your authorities make the whole population suffer for it?"

Of course the recent total eclipse of the sun on January 11 did not attract much attention in this part of the country. But a party under the guidance of Professor Frisby, of the United States navy, was sent to the Pacific coast to make observations, and others went with Professor Davidson to the Santa Lucia Mountains, near Monterey, for the same purpose. The eclipse was total along a narrow belt traversing the Pacific Ocean, striking our western coast not far from San Francisco, and terminating near Salt Lake City. Details of observations will reach us soon; but already it is known that at Fresno, about 160 miles southeast of San Francisco, the weather was clear and circumstances favorable, barring the fact that the sun disappeared behind the Coast Range before the eclipse had entirely passed. At Salinas the thermometer fell eight degrees during the time of totality.

A great snow-blockade lately occurred on the Central Pacific Railroad, the snow having fallen to a depth of eight or ten feet. Several snow-slides added to the difficulty of locomotion, and caused the crushing of sheds.

The man who in sudden passion kills another is verily guilty by the laws of God and man, yet we instinctively feel that he who deliberately plans and executes a murder is a wretch of far deeper dye. How, then, must that person be regarded who, for the sake of gain, with cool, deliberate calculation, would endanger the lives of thousands by supplying defective material with which to build a bridge that is to be a public thoroughfare? With the terrible disaster of the Tay Bridge, in Scotland, fresh in mind, a burning and righteous indignation rises against the perpetrator of such an atrocious deed, beside which any ordinary crime seems small. Our laws, indeed, need revision, or addition, if they contain nothing by which such a dangerous—we may say murderous—fraud may be summarily punished. The country should have protection against the possibility of such deeds being repeated.

Diphtheria in Russia is reported to be more terribly fatal than the plague which alarmed that country so much about a year ago. It is stated that fifteen governments of Russia are suffering from this dreadful disease, and that children are dying by thousands, so that in some of the affected localities scarcely any children remain. Until very lately no special measures seem to have been adopted to check the disease, one reason assigned being that the Russian authorities were unwilling to excite the fears of Europe by adopting any extraordinary measures.

Reports continue to come concerning the failing health of the Empress of Russia. From Cannes she sent word to the Czar that she wished to return to St. Petersburg, to die there. She expresses a desire to see the Czar and his son in more harmonious relations before her death; for it seems that the father suspects the son of conniving at the plots of the Nihilists, and the son accuses the father of dragging the whole imperial family down to destruction.

The proprietor of the New York Aquarium expresses the opinion that no aquarium in the world contains so great a variety of specimens as the one in this city. The salt water used in European aquariums is not from the sea, but artificially made. That used in the New York Aquarium is genuine sea-water, obtained from below Sandy Hook. The principal aquariums of Europe are in London, Berlin, and Hamburg.

It is now believed that the number lost in the Tay disaster did not exceed ninety, although probably it will never be definitely ascertained how many passengers were on that ill-fated train. It is known, however, that most if not all of them were third-class passengers.

The Boston Public Library has received as a gift from Dr. S. A. Green a valuable collection of "Franklinana." It includes one hundred and forty books and pamphlets by or about Franklin; eighty portraits and engravings, some of them very rare; and a large number of most interesting autograph letters.

Repeated and frequent discovery of dishonesty in men who have long occupied positions of trust arouses a general feeling of insecurity and distrust. It is uncomfortable to be suspicious, but the times indicate that we can not know whom it is safe to consider and treat as perfectly trustworthy. Therefore business rules in some respects should be more strict; the accounts of those who in any way have the funds of others in their charge should be regularly, frequently, and thoroughly examined—not because of suspicion, but that everything may be so open and clear that suspicion becomes impossible. Every truly honest man who has the management of the financial affairs of corporations or of individuals will *desire* in such times as these that accounts and statements be examined and tested. And if some strict rule of this kind be stringently carried out, no one can feel offended, and many who are unconscientious will be kept from yielding to temptation.

The New York Coaching Club is to have new buttons on the livery worn by its members. Gilt buttons, with a four-horse coach in relief, is the style selected. The club is in a very prosperous condition, having now twenty-six members. By its constitution it is limited to thirty members.

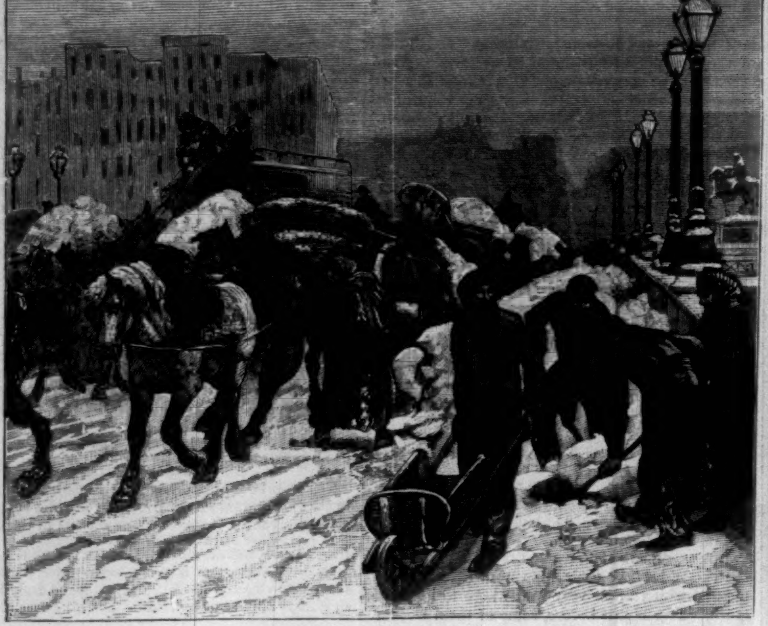
It is said that efforts are being made by the Presbyterian denomination to add an endowment of $500,000 to Hamilton College, at Clinton, New York, and that this will probably be accomplished.

A pleasant little incident is related of Madame Juliette Lamber, editor of *La Nouvelle Revue*. She called on Victor Hugo, with the request, "You must write some verses for my *Revue*." "Oh, I can not," he replied; "I have a contract with Calmann Lévy, and if I should break it, would run the risk of a heavy fine." Saying this, he rose from his chair and brought a *papier timbré* (stamped paper), and showed it to her to prove his words. This document proved that a short piece sent to another periodical lately led to a demand of 15,000 francs for violated contract. Victor Hugo reminded Madame Lamber of this danger. "Never mind," she said; "you send the poem, and I will pay the 15,000 francs." He drew a long breath, for, with his peculiar sense of the value of money, this was homage indeed.

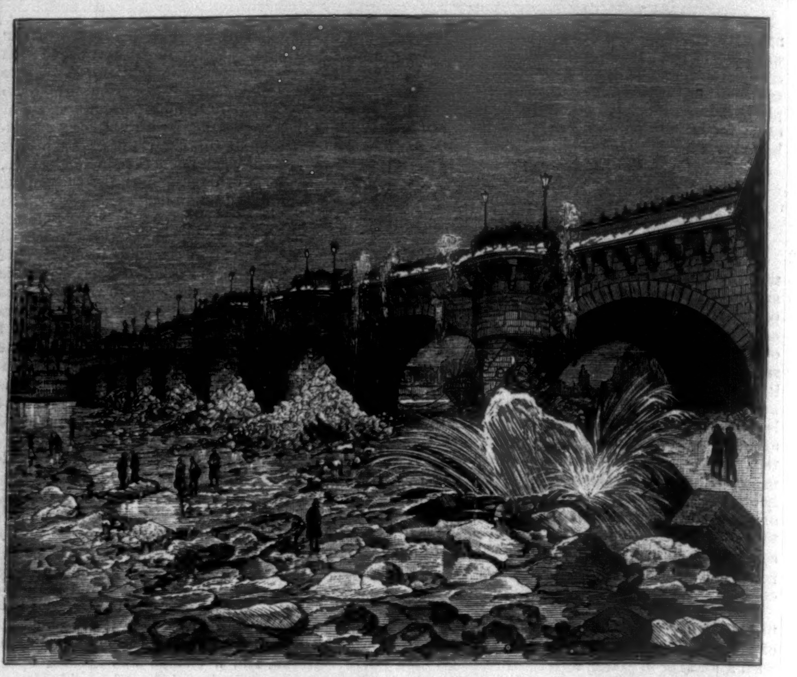
The Worcester (Massachusetts) *Spy* says that a clump of pine-trees in that vicinity has been appropriated by the sparrows as a roost. Every night, a little before sunset, these noisy little creatures come by the dozen, and sometimes it seems as if by the hundred, and settle down into the pines, until there are thousands persistently chattering in the trees. They leave their roost about sunrise, and during the day not an able-bodied representative of the large and noisy family remains.

It is related of General Grant that when a lad he was standing quietly in a group of boys one day when a big boy threatened to whip another much smaller than himself. Grant said nothing until the aggressor proceeded to put his threats into execution; then he stepped forward, rolled up his sleeves, and observed that if there was any fighting to be done, it could be done with him. "I'll take the licking," said Grant. And the big boy retreated.

The late Count Joannes sometimes had plenty of money, and sometimes had none, so there were frequent occasions when he applied for permission to sleep at police stations in this city. As he was well known, he was always provided with a comfortable place to rest. But he invariably had a good reason to assign for making application. On one bitter cold and stormy night some years ago he entered a station-house down town and said, "It is blowing so hard to-night, and the ground is so slippery, that I hardly like to start for my home up town; I think I will remain here." Of course he was made comfortable, and he went away at daylight, saying that the storm had moderated so much that he thought he would try to get home. During the day a number of theatrical men met at the Union Square Theatre to make some arrangement for collecting funds to be given to the family of Dan Bryant, the dead minstrel. One of the first envelopes opened contained a ten-dollar bill and a letter of condolence from George the Count Joannes.



CLEARING THE STREETS.



VIEW ON THE SEINE.

PARIS UNDER THE SNOW.

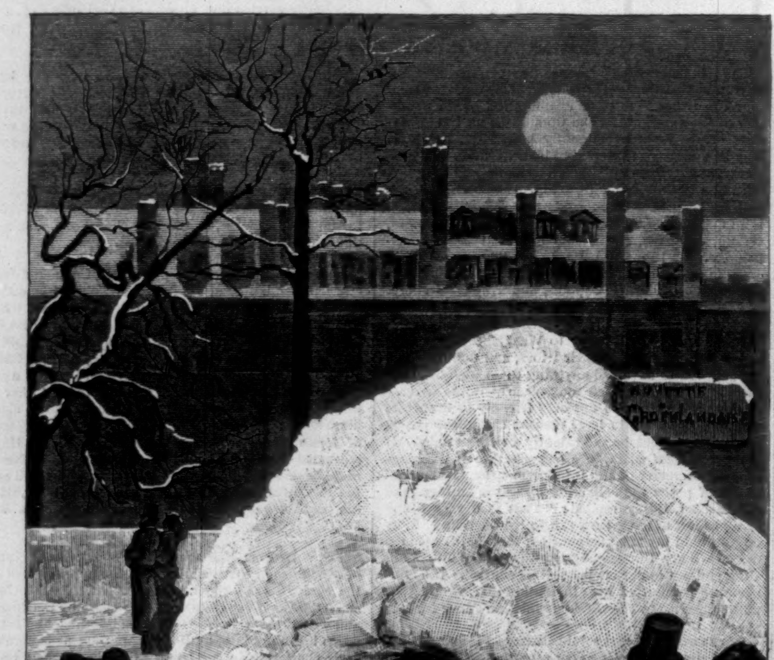
WHILE we on this side of the ocean have been enjoying unusually warm weather for the season, never has Paris known such a winter. To the consternation of her citizens, a Siberian temperature has fallen upon the gay capital, and the population, confirmed in out-door habits, and accustomed only to mild visits from the snow-king and his icy train, have found themselves shivering and freezing in an atmosphere that would do credit to St. Petersburg. For the fifth time only in the century the Seine has been frozen over, and with their city under the snow, and their great waterway a mass of solid ice, the Parisians have suffered a sort of weather panic that has paralyzed their industries, and reduced them in a measure to a sort of hopeless bewilderment.

Sixteen inches of snow spread over the whole area of their capital was a problem with which French authorities were puzzled how to deal. The struggles made by the unfortunate city to get rid of its burden approach the ludicrous. The Municipal Council held a long sitting, in which the question was opened whether it was not possible to obtain the assistance of the garrison of Paris to clear away the snow. M. ALPHAND, the Director of Works, replied that the administration had applied to the War Minister for horses and vehicles, but that the latter refused to listen to the appeal, on the ground that the work would be too dangerous for the horses; he had himself been obliged to suspend the usual orderly service of the garrison on account of the snow. As regarded the military, the War Minister said it was impossible to take the soldiers, most of whom had just entered the service, away from their exercises, without gravely compromising the efficiency of the army. M. ALPHAND then proceeded to answer the complaints made about the delay in removing the snow. He said it was impossible, as had been proposed, to get rid of the snow by sweeping it into the sewers after having thawed it by means of steam. If that were done, the sewers would be immediately frozen, and when the thaw arrived Paris would be inundated, and the sewers destroyed.

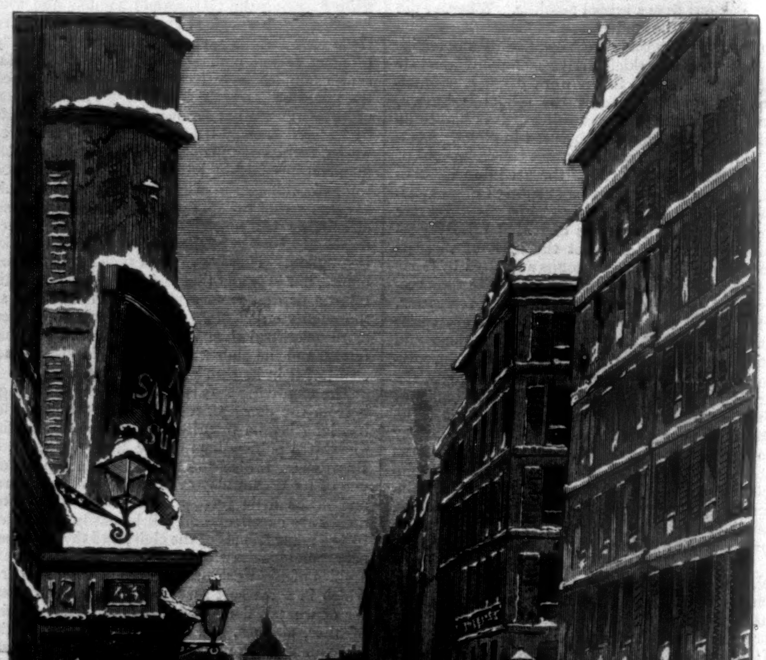
In short, poor M. ALPHAND, overwhelmed though he was by the snow, was by no means pleased at being taken to task by the Council. Allusions had been made to the way these things were managed abroad. As regards Brussels, M. ALPHAND had been there during a heavy fall of snow, and could assure the Council that it was not removed anything like so quickly as at Paris. Respecting London, the service was different from that of the French capital. The public thoroughfares were, so to speak, in the keeping of those who lived in them. There was no general organization for the removal of snow. In conclusion, M. ALPHAND contended that everything had been done to clear the streets and restore public traffic.

What was done could not have failed to cause a smile among such foreign residents as remembered the philosophy and composure with which a snow-fall is regarded in colder climes. Two things must be done: Paris must provide places where her out-door population might warm their shivering bodies, and she must find some means of annihilating the great white nuisance. To achieve the first, numerous braziers were established in the most public places for the benefit of policemen, drivers, and the numerous army who can not seek the shelter of their homes, no matter what the weather may be. As to removing the snow, horse-sweepers and snow-ploughs were unknown, and shovels, brooms, and mud-scrapers were the only things that could be opposed to the feathery visitation. At first matters looked desperate, but little by little a slippery horse-path was cleared in the middle of the main streets. A hundred men were employed, at an average salary of perhaps three francs a day, and painfully they strove with shovels and scrapers to clear the thoroughfares. About eight hundred cart-loads of snow, each drawn by three or four horses, were daily discharged into the Seine, which, with its icebergs and snow blocks, resembled a miniature polar sea. The cost of this labor was naturally out of all proportion with the results obtained, and emptied the pockets of the municipality of thousands of francs, without much relieving the capital.

There are just two people of whom we have heard who found reason to look upon the snow as other than an almost insupportable affliction.



BUFFET DE GREENLAND.



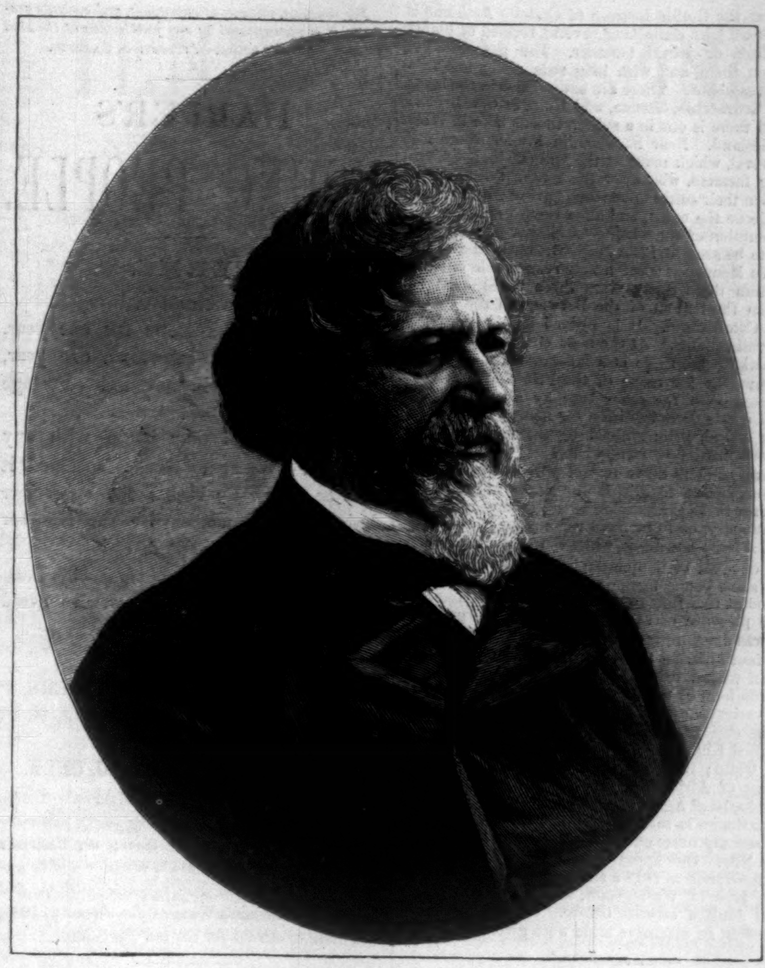
A STREET SCENE—HAZARDOUS LOCOMOTION.

PARIS UNDER THE SNOW.

The first was a physician not overburdened with patients, who congratulated himself that the Parisians, unaccustomed to such an atmosphere, could scarcely fail to take cold in large numbers, and that many of them would doubtless slip, and in falling fracture some part of their anatomy. These catastrophes occurring in all quarters, and not infrequently, would beyond question furnish young and struggling physicians with an opportunity for exercising their skill. Another enterprising resident had the ingenuity to turn the snowy calamity to excellent account. Nothing fascinates a Frenchman like novelty. Upon the quay in front of the Hôtel de Ville a wine-merchant conceived the brilliant idea of building before his door a snow hut after the manner of the Esquimaux. Within this strange structure was a restaurant. Passers-by never failed to stand a moment to look at the curious thing, and many who were indifferent to the attractions of an ordinary café entered bravely into this one, where usually the most hilarious gayety reigned. One French writer (we fear he entered the snow hut, although he only owns to having passed by) gives the following description of the snowy scene:

"I followed the quay after having stopped some moments before the Greenland hut. The blood-red disk of the sun was discernible across the mist of the sombre heavens. The trees on the shore stretched out their great arms like spectres. In the bed of the Seine accumulated blocks of ice alone indicated the river. All was very sinister, but at the same time how different from the disinherited countries where night without end reigns, which for months are isolated from the rest of the universe, where bands of famished wolves wander, and where the croaking of the raven alone troubles the profound silence of the long months of winter! There also are cities populous and commercial which rest long under a frozen shroud, not to speak of the mournful solitudes of Northern regions where silence and death seem to live the great part of the year. Happier than the inhabitants of the North, our situation is exceptional. Soon will come the spring and the leaves and the radiant sun. Montmorency and Meudon will hear again the accustomed flourish of trumpets, and under the thick foliage sweet words will again be said."

Clearly the snow-storm was too much for this individual. It was also a terrific experience for all Paris, for nothing seems to have escaped its influence. The frozen Seine prevented the city from receiving its usual supply of wood, and that commodity rose to an alarming price. Coal followed, and the cry arose that there would be no gas. Sea-gulls appeared on the Seine, and the Parisians shuddered at their sight, as omens of a terrible winter. Such was the fearful influence of the snow that Paris might have become a deserted city. In all solemnity an English correspondent in Paris writes: "The misery that has been caused by the persistent cold weather has set people thinking what can be done with the surplus population, and several journals are strongly advocating the colonization of Algeria. There is land enough there, it is true; but if the surplus population refuse to acknowledge the fact of its superfluity, what is to be done? The French are not ready colonizers, and, of all Frenchmen, the Parisians are the least eager to seek fresh woods and pastures now."



THE LATE FRANK LESLIE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HOUSEWORTH & CO.

FRANK LESLIE.

MR. FRANK LESLIE, widely known as the proprietor of the illustrated journal that bears his name, as well as of several other periodicals, died in this city on Saturday, the 10th of January, at the age of fifty-nine years. He was born at Ipswich, England, in 1821. His father, JOSEPH CARTER, was a glove manufacturer, and the son was destined for the same business. An aptitude for art, however, developed itself in the lad, and he learned the profession of an engraver on wood, working unknown to his parents, and under the name of "Frank Leslie." He soon acquired great skill in the art, and became connected with the *Illustrated London News*, where he was placed in charge of the engraving department.

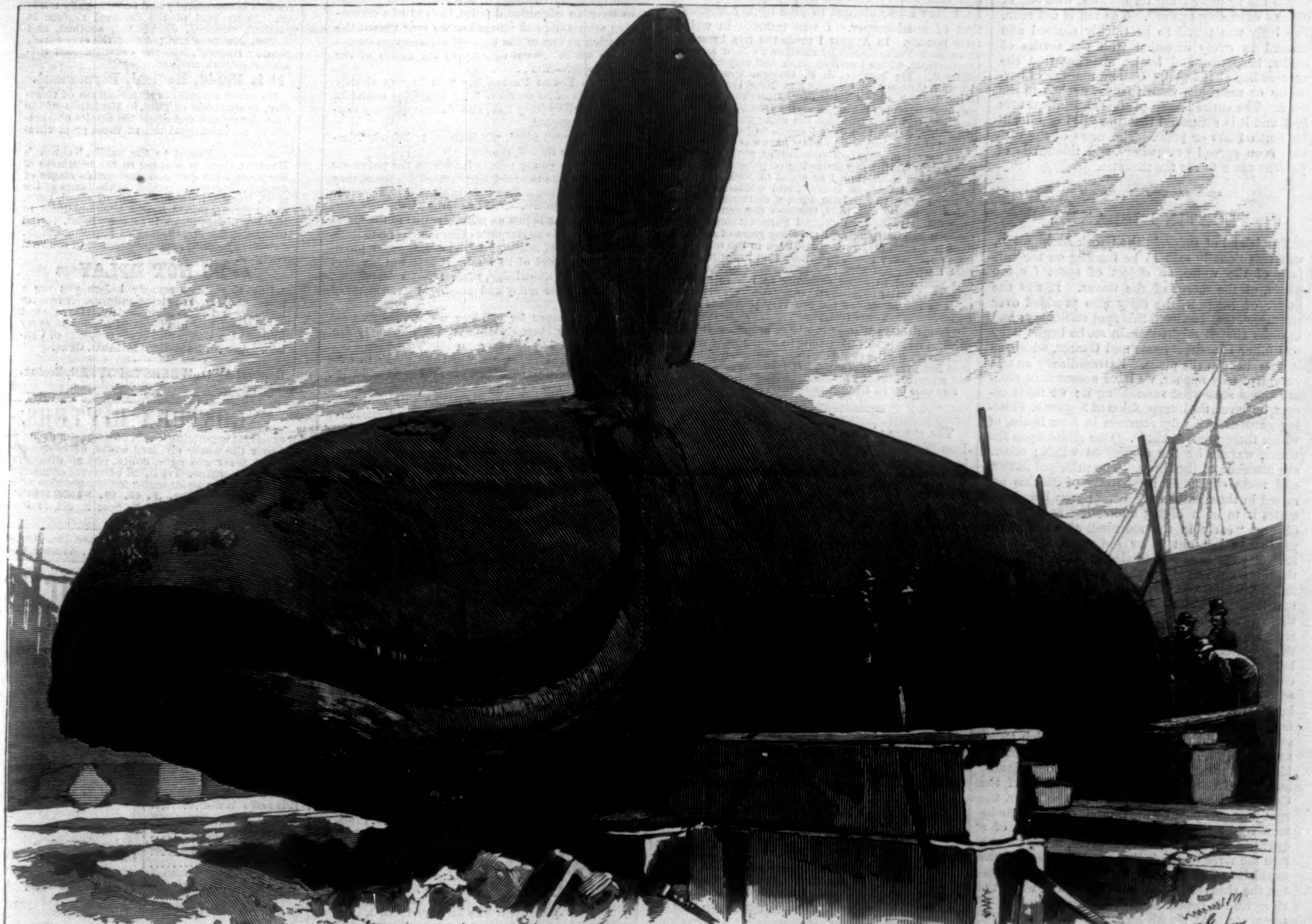
In 1848 he came to this country, and obtained an Act of Legislature to enable him to assume the name under which he had worked as an artist. His American career began with an engagement on *Gleason's Pictorial*. A little later on he was connected with the *Illustrated News*, published in this city by MR. BARNUM and MR. BEACH. When that paper failed, MR. LESLIE began publishing on his own account, and in 1854 started *The Gazette of Fashion*, now known as *Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine*. In 1855 he issued the first number of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, the pioneer of American journals of its class. It was at first modelled strictly on the style of the *Illustrated London News*, but was subsequently modified to suit the requirements of his American constituency.

MR. LESLIE was not only a fine engraver, but an energetic and successful man of business. In 1867 he was appointed a Commissioner to the Paris Exhibition, and in 1876 was selected as Commissioner to represent New York State at the Centennial. He was a man of generous impulses, and prodigal in hospitality. To the latter trait, and partly, also, to imprudent land speculations, were owing the reverses which overtook him within the last few years.

A WHALE HUNT IN CHARLESTON HARBOR.

A RARE day's sport was had in Charleston Harbor, South Carolina, on the 7th of January, in the capture of a huge "right" whale, which had probably been driven in from his usual haunts in the sea by the stress of weather.

Several attempts were made in a small way to effect his capture or destruction, but without success, and finally a regular hunt was organized on a large scale, under the lead of the tug-boat *Royal Arch*. Three other tugs, fifty or sixy row-boats, and a number of small sailing vessels also joined in the chase. At eight o'clock in the morning the monster was overtaken on the bar by two of the row-boats, each manned by three oarsmen, an experienced and trustworthy coxswain, and a man in the bow armed with a harpoon and a coil of rope attached. In an instant the iron was thrown from one of the boats with unerring aim, and striking deep into the body near the tail, secured a hold for the line. As soon as he was struck, the whale made off in the liveliest manner imaginable, dragging and jerking the boat after him by the line. The men in the other boat rowed



WHALE CAPTURED IN THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

vigorously in pursuit, and keeping up with him, launched a harpoon whenever he made his appearance above water. During the run he worked his way landward, and soon got into shoal water near Fort Johnston, on James Island. In his struggles he became entangled in the harpoon line, and wound himself in it to such an extent that it had to be cut to save the boat.

But the whale remained in the shallow water until afternoon, when another attempt was made to secure him. The line was picked up, and made fast to one of the tugs, which attempted to coax the fish toward the city. But the steamer proved to be too unhandy for the delicate manipulations required, and the line was finally snapped, a piece of considerable length being left attached to the whale, worn *en train*. Then ensued a series of exciting manœuvres. The tugs would approach him in turn, as opportunity offered, and those aboard would drive lances and harpoons at him, with more or less effect, or attempt to throw great running nooses over the flukes of his tail as they were thrust above the surface in the creature's struggles. He indulged in a series of the most extraordinary gymnastic performances, turning complete somersaults, and occasionally standing on his head apparently for several moments, with from two to six feet of his tail projecting above the water.

Meantime many of the small boats were dodging about him, and missiles were hurled at him whenever a fair chance was offered. Time and again barbed harpoons and the long keen blades of lances were plunged into his sides and back, and time and again did they fail to hold, being drawn back by the lines by their owners. He was slowly but surely scuffling and turning himself through the mud, which was seen upon his head several times, across the Ashley River toward White Point Garden, the centre of an ever-varying circle of all sorts of craft, armed with all sorts of weapons. In his progress he ran under the bow of the schooner *Minnehaha*, where earnest efforts were made to lasso him, a compliment which he returned by standing on his head and thrashing her with his tail until she shook from stem to stern. He would lash the water with the flukes of his tail, making reports like the discharge of a musket, throwing the briny fluid into the air in great masses, and drenching all in his neighborhood. He came to the surface frequently to blow, which he did with a noise resembling that made by the blowing out of steam from an engine, sending a fountain from each of his nostrils.

The chase lasted until sunset, and was full of hair-breadth escapes of men and boats. At last a barefooted sailor, Garrison, of North Carolina, who had struck the first blow in the morning, drove his lance home to a vital spot, and the whale was dead.

The next day the carcass was towed to Pregnall's Marine Railway, where it was photographed for *Harper's Weekly*. Our view on page 77 shows the monster lying on his side, with one of his fins extending upward. The tail is not seen. The body was found to be thickly seamed and scarred in every direction with the marks of lances, harpoons, and hooks, showing that the hunters had aimed well. Quite a number of barnacles or sea-shells were found attached to the head. The entire length of the fish is about fifty feet, and it is estimated that the yield of oil will be worth $600 or $800. The news of the capture soon spread everywhere, and thousands of persons came to see the monster.

FLOATING ISLANDS.

The island of Delos, in the Greek Archipelago, was traditionally said to be floating on the surface of the water, an object of sport for the winds, at the mercy of the waves. It was the power of Neptune, the deity who presided over the ocean, that rendered this spot stationary; and in order that it might remain so, he begirt it by two other islands, Mycone and Gyaros, which, as it were, hem in the place. Extraordinary as this narrative may appear, we have accounts in modern times somewhat resembling it; we must except, however, the interposition of Neptune. Floating gardens are very common in New Spain, of which there are two kinds. One glides upon the water, wafted by the capricious winds; others are attached to the shore. The principal flowers and roots consumed in the city of Mexico are raised in these small gardens. Baron Humboldt states it to be a highly interesting spectacle to observe "early in the morning, at sunrise, the provisions brought in by Indians, in rafts, descending the canals of Chalco and Istacalco. In them are cultivated beans, artichokes, and cauliflowers, while the edges are ornamented with rose-bushes." The promenade in boats around these little islands is represented as being the most agreeable in the environs of Mexico. Should the proprietor of one of these erratic gardens find he has a disagreeable neighbor, he unties the chain that fastens his property to the shore, and with his hut and his habitation floats wherever he pleases. In China these rafts or floating islands are formed on the surface of their numerous canals and rivers, the whole of which teem, as it were, with life and vegetation. The ancient historians mention many of these curious islands, and the Greeks thought that the whole of the Cyclades once were floating. In the Tiber, the spot now occupied by the Church of St. Bartholomew traces its origin to the circumstance of a quantity of corn, bound in sheaves, being thrown into the river by the indignant populace after the expulsion of Tarquin. The Tiber was at low water, the sheaves stuck in the mud, and when the river rose it deposited pieces of wood, trunks of trees, etc. At length an island became formed, which in the course of time was surrounded by a wall.

Several floating islands are found in Lapland. Near the Gothic fortress of Castello Archione is a small lake containing several, formed of plants matted or joined together. The peasants get upon them, and with long rods navigate themselves about. There are several also in the lakes of Conracchia, Gerdan, and Kolk, in Osnabruck; and there is one in a subterraneous lake in West Friesland. Near St. Omer, in France, there are several, which move at the will of the neighboring farmers, who draw them near the shore to drive their cattle upon; and having done so, they unloose the cords, and allow them to float at the discretion of the winds. A similar phenomenon is to be seen in Lake Dochart, among the Grampian Mountains; and a very remarkable one has within these thirty years three times emerged from the bottom of the Derwent, in the county of Cumberland. It is formed by the decaying aquatic plants. At the head of Esthwaite Lake, Hawkeshead, there is a smaller sheet of water, known by the name of the Priestfoot, but connected with the other lake by a small outlet. Upon this there has been for many years a floating island, little noticed by tourists, and erroneously stated by some writers of "Guides to the Lakes" not to move or sail with the wind. In contradiction to this, it was never known since first it became a floating island to have remained stationary, or to be fixed for any length of time, till a few years back, when the heavy floods lifted one-half of it upon land. It was relaunched by some young men, who took advantage of the flood at that time to effect their purpose, and had the pleasure of sailing across the lake upon it. It was afterward moved from one lake to the other four different times; on one of its trips no less than fifteen persons were upon it. It is thirty yards long by five broad, and covered with wood of various sorts, which supplies the place of soils. This curiosity has not probably its equal in the United Kingdom. In Guayaquil, in the kingdom of Quito; in the river Congo, on the western coast of Africa; in the lake of Tivoli, near the hot baths of Agrippa—we find the seroving lands. The Congo is said to carry floating islands sixty or seventy miles out at sea. There are many in the Nile. One appeared several times in the Sea of Azov, and in 1818 a small island emerged from the lake of Wallenstadt, in Switzerland, which had sunk a century before. On this occasion fêtes on an extensive scale were given.

Brown's Hotel, Macon, Ga., *Sept.* 21, 1879.
Messrs. Morgan & Allen, 59 John St., N. Y. City:

Dear Sirs,—In looking over Harper's Weekly paper, I saw the advertisement of your valuable medicine, "Constitution Water," and it occurred to me that it was my duty to add to your list of testimonials. For twelve months I suffered with inflammation of the kidneys and bladder; no rest at night—up ten or fifteen times; could not walk across the street without having palpitation of the heart, would have to sit down and rest before I could get back to the hotel. Last May I was obliged to give up my business, that of hotel-keeper. I was reduced in weight forty pounds. In August I made the trip by steamer to New York, thence by steamer to New London, Connecticut, where I arrived weak and very much debilitated. My brother, J. F. Brown, President of Brown's Cotton Gin Company at New London, sent to the druggists for a bottle of "Constitution Water," and insisted on my taking it, saying that he, and others he knew, had been troubled the same way. It seems incredible, but in two days I began to feel better, my appetite improving, and in a few days was able to walk up to the town, some half mile distant, without getting wearied, or having any fluttering or palpitation of the heart. In a short time I returned to New York (visited Coney Island, of course), and walked from the Wooden Pier to the Iron Pier, a distance I should judge of nearly one mile, through the sand; also a long distance through Central Park without any inconvenience or distress. I am sixty years of age, have lived in Macon fifty-four years, been in the hotel business twenty-five years, and those that know me know that I would not give this testimonial unless it was due you, and to those suffering as I have suffered. Diseases similar to mine and other diseases your medicine is recommended for are very prevalent in the South. Yours truly, E. E. Brown.

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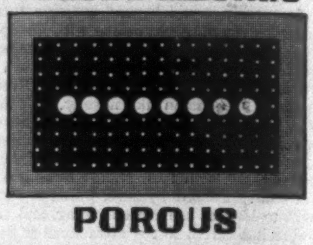

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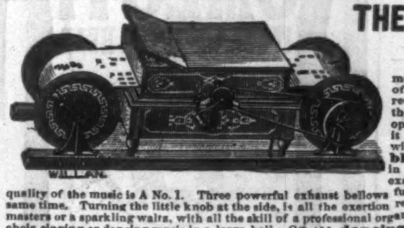

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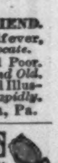

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